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LIFE.

If life were one dance in a torch-lit hall,
If life were sweet music and that were all,
It would be as gay as a Summer day.
But music ceases and lights die out
And what of the darkness of night without?

If life were but lover and lady gay,
No armor to wear and no riding away,
It would be as bright as a wedding night
But Morning bugles and Honor calls,
And, oh! the silence of widowed halls!

One rare brief moment they fight no more,
The sailor is home from the distant shore.
Away so long! and rest but a song
Begun by a bride in the dead man's ears,
And lost in the tempest or shock of spears.
—Douglas Sladen, in Lippincott's.

AN AWFUL CHARGE.

The little combination freight and passenger train that runs from the entrance of the great Hoosac tunnel away up through the mountains along the bank of the Deerfield river waits patiently on its narrow-guage side track until its larger contemporary from Boston comes up and empties out whatever of its freight and whoever of its passengers are destined for the little villages farther up in the mountains.

One quiet evening in the earlier part of July a young woman, accompanied by a girl who seemed to act in the capacity of maid rather than companion, alighted from the 5 o'clock train from Boston, made some inquiries of an official at the Fitchburg station, and then made her way across the tracks to the other train which was waiting respectfully at a distance. Just as the train from Boston was about to start a young man came hurriedly to the platform of the car, looked earnestly across the tracks, and then disappeared inside the car to return a moment later with a tan-leather satchel, an umbrella and a cane.

The young man took up a position before the open side door of the baggage end of the car and seemed to give himself up to admiration of the country through which they were passing, though he cast furtive glances into the other end of the car, where the young woman had taken her place. The girl was evidently unconscious of his presence, or at least unmindful of it. She looked steadily out of the window and seemed to be enjoying also the beautiful scenery.

Suddenly he got up and walked resolutely down the car to where the young woman was seated. He walked much in the manner of one who has determined to take a bath in very cold water and goes at it with his nerves at the sticking point and his eyes shut. The young woman was much interested in the landscape as he came up and she did not notice him. He was obliged to call her attention.

"Grace," he said.

She turned from the window with wondering eyes and looked at him a moment. Then the light of recognition drove the wonder slowly from her eyes and she held out her hand languidly.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Marden?" she said.

He took her hand slowly; he almost groped for it. He had been trying all the way from Boston to get up courage to speak to her, and now her cool, surprised "How do you do" was almost too much for him. There was not even a traceable note of a sentence in it. There certainly was nothing of pleasure. However, he pulled himself together and took the seat which she made for him beside her.

"It used to be 'Frank,'" he said in answer to her "Mr. Marden." She laughed easily.

"Oh, yes, but that was over so long ago."

"It was long ago," said the young man; "it seems an age."

Miss Grenville made no reply. She sat there brown-eyed and self-contained, and presently looked out of the window again. The young man made another issue.

"What on earth brings you to this forsaken region?" he asked. Miss Grenville looked at him inquiringly.

"Is it forsaken?" she asked. "I think it is very pretty."

"Well, yes, pretty, but not—well—exciting."

"Do you like excitement?" asked Miss Grenville sweetly.

"I do not, but you do—or used to."

"Did I? I think I must have changed."

"Probably; you are changeable," said the young man very bitterly. The young woman made no reply. Marden looked uncomfortably at his boots for awhile, then he made a third attempt.

"Will you please tell me where you are going, Grace?" he said.

Miss Grenville turned slowly from the window.

"I think you had better call me Miss Grenville," she said.

"Very well. Miss Grenville, will you please tell me where you are going?"

"Certainly. I am going to visit my aunt at Wilmington. And you?"

"I am going to Wilmington, too—on business."

"Are you? Then you must know about the coach from Readsboro."

"Well—er—the fact is—I don't. I decided to go very suddenly—that is—I couldn't find out about the stage."

"Oh," said Miss Grenville.

"I have no doubt it will be all right," observed Marden, for want of anything better to say

"Oh, no doubt," said Miss Grenville, perhaps for the same reason.

But when they arrived at the terminus of the road they found that it was not all right. The stage was there, but every available seat but one had been taken. It was growing late and Miss Grenville was in despair

"You might go and let your maid come in the morning," suggested Marden heroically.

The maid was interviewed on this subject, but was tearful and obstinate. Then the young man made another suggestion. The maid might take the available place and he would drive Miss Grenville over. He was sure he could get a horse. He would have to do it on account of his business, anyway. Miss Grenville defended her position, but finally surrendered. The maid took the place in the stage, and Marden went in search of a horse.

Half an hour later, as the sun was going down behind the hills, a cadaverous-looking horse, with almost a suspicious dislike to anything like haste, drew a single buggy out of Readsboro and along the pretty road toward Radawga and Wilmington. They passed the outskirts of the village, and the road began to grow prettier and more closely hemmed in with trees. The cadaverous-looking horse moved on with an uncertain jog that was a cross between a run, a trot, and a walk. The result was a sort of hop. Miss Grenville made some attempts at conversation, but her companion rewarded her with silence. She made several uncomplimentary remarks about the horse which were witty enough for an ordinary occasion, but Marden did not smile—he did not seem to pay any attention; so finally she subsided into her side of the carriage and said no more. Presently Marden spoke.

"Grace," he said, "do you know why I am up here?"

Miss Grenville looked up innocently.

"Of course," she said. "You told me you had to come on business."

"Which was not true, as you know. I came because I followed you from Boston."

"Frank, how dare you!" said Miss Grenville indignantly.

Marden went on quietly:

"And while I was standing out there in the baggage car —

"I thought you were going to fall out of the door," continued Miss Grenville suddenly. Marden looked at her, and then went on again quietly:

"You did not see me. You were surprised that I was on the train when I spoke to you."

"Oh!" said Miss Grenville.

"When I was standing in the baggage car I made up my mind that you would have to talk to me. I am more sure of it now. I have been trying to see you for two months and you have been able to keep me from it. I know I am a brute and that if you wanted to throw me over and not tell me why I ought to stand it; but I can't and I'm through trying."

Miss Grenville laughed uneasily. A bough from one of the trees that skirted the road hung over within reach and she snatched a couple of its leaves as they passed.

"I wonder what kind of a tree that is?" she said. Marden took the green bough from her hand and threw it into the road.

"Grace," he said, "why did you throw me over?"

Miss Grenville looked around as if for some avenue of escape, but none presented itself, and she leaned back again in the carriage

"Perhaps," she said at length, "perhaps it is better to talk it over. Though [hurriedly] you know it can never make any difference now."

"Of course," admitted Marden, "I never dared to hope."

"It is very hard to tell," continued Miss Grenville.

"Did you ever care for me?" asked Marden.

Miss Grenville looked at him with wondering eyes.

"Do you think that I wanted to do it?" she said.

Marden's eyes brightened wonderfully. "Do you mean that somebody forced you to give me up?" he asked.

"Nobody, only I had to. One can't marry anybody when that person isn't what they thought he was," said little Miss Grenville, getting confused in her generalization, but with a very convincing air. Marden made no answer, and his companion continued: "You know I always said that I never could marry anybody who was not perfectly gentlemanly and——"

"Do you mean I am not a gentleman?" said Marden.

"Why, no, of course not. That was why I—why I liked you.

"Oh!"

"And I always thought you were the most perfect man in that respect."

"Thank you! I am very grateful; but will you tell me when it was that I failed to be what you thought me?"

"And I always thought you were the most generous and unselfish man I ever knew, and I am certain that I never had any reason to change that idea."

"Well?"

"And you know there was never anybody else that I ever cared for."

"Well?"

"You were always so handsome and so brave and—and—yes, I will say it—and so loving."

"Well?"

"So you must see that I could not have wanted to do it."

"Oh, but that does not explain why you did do it."

"I know it. Only it is so hard, and, Frank, you are not helping me a bit."

"I don't see why I need to. You were independent enough to throw me over and make me miserable for life."

"Have you been miserable, Frank?"

"I think I have almost died," said Marden solemnly.

"Have you? I have been miserable, too, Frank. And I have missed your steps, and your voice, and your laugh—I have missed your laugh very much, Frank."

"We used to have such pleasant times together, Grace."

"Yes, and mother says that the house sounds so lonely without you in the evening."

"I thought a great deal of your mother."

"I know you did. Yes, we did have happy times. I shall never forget them. And to think that now they are all over. I came up here because I hoped I would forget about it, and now [tearfully] you have brought it all back—again—and I know I shall go on feeling worse and worse—and——"

Poor little Miss Grenville fell to sobbing as if her heart would break. It was more than Marden could stand.

"Grace," he said, "don't. Let's patch it up in some way. Tell me what I did and let's fix it up."

"We can't," sobbed the young woman from her corner.

"Well, tell me anyway."

"It won't do any good, Frank, but I'll try if you say I must."

"You really must."

"I know you'll laugh at me and say I'm a goose. You always did do that."

"I will be sober as—as prayer-meeting," vowed the young man.

"Well, then, it was about that Miss Sanger—you know what you said about her?"

"I know I must be very stupid, but I don't quite remember all about it. You had better tell me. Where did I see her?"

"At the pond, and it is really to your credit that you don't remember. I shall think of that and be grateful, Frank, in after years. I said she was horrid, and you said she was clever and had beautiful eyes."

"I think I do remember now. She was the girl who had such a funny squint, wasn't she?"

"I don't think I ever noticed that, Frank."

"Well, she did. And she didn't know who Ibsen was. That was why I said she was clever and had beautiful eyes; I meant it the other way, you know."

"Did you really, Frank? Then I have misjudged you all this time."

Half an hour later Miss Grenville lifted a happy but tear-stained face from Marden's shoulder and looked doubtfully up at him.

"Frank," she said.

"Well, sweetheart."

"I don't believe I know who Ibsen was, either. Was he one of those horrid nihilists?"

"No, dear," said Marden, gravely, "he wasn't quite that, but I guess it doesn't make any difference now.—J. T. Newcomb in Springfield Republican.

A Trade Secret.

"Uncle 'Rastus," said the judge severely, "how did you get those chickens?" "Jedge," cried the prisoner, "yo' wouldn't hab me gib up mah trade secret, would yo', jedge?"—Truth.

Paradoxical.

Tom—Queer that there should be warlike preparations throughout the country.

Dick—Don't believe it. These are times of profound peace.

Tom—And yet in every home can be heard the sound of cannin'.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The First Cause.

She—I wonder why the Creator made man first.

He—He was forced to do it, by necessity.

She—Why, how you talk. The Creator couldn't be forced to do anything.

He—All the same He was in this case.

She—How do you make that out?

He—Simply enough. If the woman had been created first, she wouldn't have her mind made up yet what kind of a man would suit her.—Detroit Free Press.

ABOUT THE MASTODON.

WHY COMPLETE SKELTONS ARE NOT FOUND AT PRESENT.

Some of the Revelations of Science—Mastodons and Mammoths—Relics of Early Ages—Something About the Mound Builders.

A reporter had an interesting talk with Prof. Ward on the subject of mastodon remains just discovered at Oakfield. "A man came to me the other day" he said, "and showed me a rib which he said he had dug up. It was certainly a mastodon rib. He said he was going to dig for the rest of it, but I doubt if he finds very much more. You can easily see how this might be. Suppose an ox gets stuck in the mud and dies, wolves tear the flesh and gnaw the bones; perhaps a skunk will carry some of the smaller ones into his hole. Bones decompose. If there is a flood they become scattered.

"So, you see, before time has dug a grave in which the remains of our imaginary ox may rest undisturbed for ages, chance has scattered them far and wide. So it is with the fossil remains of the mastodon and mammoth, and the man who finds one bone of the animal and digs for the rest is very apt to be disappointed. There is hardly a county in the United States, west of New England, where remains of mastodons have not been found at one time or another. The country was full of them. I believe that a mastodon tooth was found in this city some twenty years ago, and several bones were found near Brighton lock.

"The mammoth bore about the same relation to the mastodon that the Indian elephant does to the African. Mastodons were more numerous in this country, and mammoths in Europe and Asia. Tons of mastodons' ivory are found in the north and sent to England, where they are turned into billiard balls and other articles of ivory in which a pure color is of no importance, as the ivory is usually stained by time, though otherwise perfect.

"I have here," continued Prof. Ward, "the skull and upper jaw of a baby mastodon, which, as you see, is very perfect. The teeth are milk teeth, and you can see one of the second teeth imbedded in the upper jaw. The teeth formed at the rear, and were pushed forward. I say a baby mastodon, and so it was; but it was as large as the largest ox to be seen at a county fair. Under the upper layer of skull you see this sort of honeycomb of bone. You know enough of anatomy to remember that the human skull is composed of an upper and under layer of hard bone, with softer bone between.

"The human head does not require to be large to be in proportion to the body, and a caput just large enough to hold the brain is all that is required. An elephant, mastodon or mammoth does not require a large brain, but they all need a massive head. Here you have the upper and under layer, as in the human skull, but the porous bone between is magnified enormously. It is nearly a foot in thickness in some of the largest specimens. I remember what I supposed to be an enormous hornet's nest. The natives told me it was the head of an elephant which they had killed three of four years previous. The upper layer of the skull had been shelled off, leaving the middle honeycomb of bone exposed to view. It was some time before I could bring myself to believe that it was really an elephant's skull."

Prof. Ward showed his visitor his collection of mammoth and mastodon bones. He has nearly enough of different sizes to construct an entire animal, but, of course, the variation in size would prevent this. It is much more satisfactory, in the results obtained, to take these specimens for models and reconstruct a skeleton from wood.

"I suppose," said the reporter, after a prolonged inspection of these many curiosities; "I suppose that human eyes never saw these wonderful animals which roamed over the country in such vast numbers so long ago."

"You are mistaken," said Prof. Ward, "though your mistake has been that of the world of science until recently. Bones of the mastodon have been slit open in such a way that the object of breaking them was evident. It was to obtain the marrow within. But more: The stone head of a hatchet, with which the work had been done, was found near by. Now, there are no animals which use stone hatchets to break up bones. That hatchet head was once the impelment of some primeval warrior. A shoulderblade of the mastodon, a bone comparitively thin, has been found pierced, as by a spear, and the spear head has been found with it. The spear was evidently thrust in and withdrawn from the body of the animal, and when it was withdrawn its head was probably torn off. Monkeys don't carry spears.

"But, though these evidences are convincing enough, they are not the best proof we have that man existed in the days of the mammoth and mastodon, and has survived them both. Antiquarians who have spent so much time in an endeavor to discover the meaning of the mounds erected by the Mound-Builders have made one thing certain. Many of these mounds were constructed in the shape of animals and birds. There, on the wall, hang a number of fac-similes of these mounds. They were prepared by a member of the Milwaukee Historical society. There is one which evidently represents a hawk, or some similar bird or prey, with outstretched wings, and there is another, which evidently portrays some squirrel-like animal, with a remarkably long tail; and here you have as perfect a representation of an elephant-like animal as could well be contrived.

"Now, had the Mound-Builders been learned in comparative anatomy, as we are, and had they reconstructed a mastodon, as we have, they could never have understood the meaning of the cavity in the skull, which indicates to us that the animal had a trunk. We could never have done that had we not seen the elephant. No, the Mound-Builders saw the mastodons before they became extinct. They hunted them and, perhaps, were practically instrumental in their extermination.

"There is a mound in Ohio half a mile long," continued Prof. Ward, "which is a perfect representation of a serpent, head and all. The mound and a portion of the surrounding country have been purchased by Mrs. Hemingway of Boston and been laid out as a public park. In that box—I'm sorry it hasn't been opened yet, or I would show it to you—is a model, from which we are to construct a raised map of the mound and the country surrounding it. This map will be very elaborate, and will be exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago.—Rochester Post-Express.

He Has Returned Since.

Jay Gould is in the Rocky mountains, and the people out west better keep their eyes—on the mountains.—Rochester Herald.

—"Does your mother know you're out," said a boy to his little brother. "Yes she does," was the answer, "for one bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has knocked my cold into a cocked hat, you bet."

A few applications of Salvation Oil will instantly relieve stiffness in the neck or joints. 25 cents.

A FRIDAY IN BILLINGSGATE.

Hucksters Cries Which Make the Noted Market a Veritable Babel.

The word "Billingsgate" has, strangely enough, been transferred from the place itself to the language spoken there, for Webster says, "The word is from a market of this name in London, celebrated for fish and foul language." A visit to this renowned fish market in these days will perhaps give one a better idea of the place than Webster's explanation, says Pen and Pencil.

There is considerable slang and good natured chaffing among the buyers and sellers, but one is not overwhelmed by that torrent of foul language he has been taught to expect from his associations with the word. The best time to visit the market is on Friday morning. The wooden barn-looking square where the fish is sold is crowded soon after six o'clock with shiny cord jackets and greasy caps.

Everybody comes to Billingsgate in his worst clothes, and no one knows the length of time a coat can be worn until he has been to a fish sale. Over the hum of voices are heard the shouts of salesmen, who, with white aprons, peering above the heads of the mob, stand on the tables roaring out their prices. All are bawling together—salesmen and hucksters of provisions, hardware and newspapers—till the place is a perfect babel of competition.

"Ha-a-ansome cod! best in the market! All alive! alive! alive O!" "Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! here's your fine Yarmouth bloaters! Who's the buyer!" "Here you are, governor, splendid whiting! Some of the right sort!"

"Turbot! turbot! All alive! Turbot!" "Glass o' nice peppermint, this cold morning! a ha'penny a glass."

"Here you are at your own price! Fine soles O!" "Oy! Oy! Oy! Now's your time! Fine grizzling sprats! all large and no small!"

"Hullo! here! beautiful lobsters! good and cheap! fine crabs, all alive O!" "Five brill and one turbot! have that lot for a pound! Come and look at 'em governor! you won't see a better sample in the market!" "Here, this way for splendid skate! skate? O! skate! Oh!"

"Had-had-had-haddick! all fresh and good!" "Currant and meat puddings! a ha' penny each!" "Now, you mussels buyers, come along! come along! come along! now's your time for fine fat mussels!" "Here's food for the belly and clothes for the back, but I sell food for the mind!" shouts the news vendor.

"Here's smelt O! Here ye are, fine finny haddick!" "Hot soup! nice pea soup! a-all hot! hot!" "Ahoy! ahoy, here! live plaice! all alive O!" "Now or never! whelk! whelk! whelk! Who'll buy brill O! brill O!" "Eels O! eels! O Alive! alive O!" "Fine flounders, a shilling a lot! Who'll have this prime lot of flounders!"

"Shrimps! shrimps! fine shrimps! wink! wink! wink!" "Hi! hi! here you are, just eight eels left—just eight!" "O ho! O ho! this way! this way! this way! Fish alive! alive, O!"

This is a fair sample of what may be heard at Billingsgate a fine Friday morning. But no ingenuity of printing can give any adequate conception of the peculiar intonation of the [illegible] ciated.

Laws of Politeness.

When she is at a reception, or calling on a friend, it is not necessary to rise for an introduction to strangers, unless, indeed, one of them should be a very old lady, in which case age demands the acknowledgment of rising. And then, my dear girl, just remember that rushing around getting acquainted here, there and everywhere is neither refined nor polite; that a great eagerness for new friends usually suggest that, not being able to keep old friends, you are forced to search for new. It is all right for you to like to meet pleasant people; but it is all wrong for you choose that the last new acquaintance shall be your most intimate friend.

Then just trouble yourself a little not only to be thankful, but to express it in words, when any courtesy is shown you. A few "thank you's" will do more to make men and women like you, and the people who do the service to you respect you, than almost anything else. Of course, you know that it is not necessary to introduce to each other people who happen to meet on the street, and neither is it necessary when you are in a parlor where there are a great many people, to make everybody known to everybody else; give a few judicious introductions and then let people take care of themselves. It is rather rude to conclude that nobody is capable of amusing him or herself unless you are to the fore; and so brush that idea with a number of other cobwebs, out of your brain. Scolding? Not a bit. Only just answering the questions you asked me, which another girl asked me, and two or three other girls asked me. I am making of them all what might be called "a lump of delight."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Triumph of a Writer.

"Speaking of illusions," said a gentleman who resembled George Washington, "I recall reading some years ago an essay on 'Wood-peckers,' by Maurice Thompson in his 'By-ways and Bird Notes.' The species of this bird, which the essay described, was very wild and unapproachable; but we had just got track of one in a Southern forest and were trying to steal up close to the tree on which he was at work. Stealthily, from bush to bush, we crept, getting nearer and nearer, but compelled to do it with almost absolute noiselessness.

Well, the writer had skillfully carried me with him in his stealthy attempt to get a good view of the bird, and just as he was describing his most delicate venture and we were trying to make the last bush it was necessary to turn the leaf of the book if I would follow the narrative. So completely did I imagine myself in the Virginia woods, that for just an instant I hesitated to turn the leaf lest I should make a noise and frighten the bird."

Buried Ships.

The story told years ago of the discovery of an ancient ship in the sands of the Great American Desert is now revived, with the addition that it is afloat on the waters of the new inland sea forming there from an irruption of the Colorado River. New York has also the tradition of a buried ship, though there is a probability that of a resurrection in this case. The record of this wreck seems to have originated with Grant Thorburn, who, in his reminiscences of the city as it was at the close of the last century, says of a surviving centenarian: "So deep was Water street covered with water in his time, he told me he could point out the spot where a vessel was sunk and now lies buried deep under ground."

A Hard Fate.

He was the last man that stayed
At the beach where the wild waves tossed,
And, caught in the net of the summer maid,
The last man was wholly lost.

Experience Teaches.

Immigrant—At last I am in free America. A man can do pretty much as he pleases in this country, can't he? Native—Y-e-s, unless he's married.—New York Weekly.

A document envelope that works like a telescope, adjusting itself to one paper or to fifty, is a recent invention.

SOME CURIOUS TRIBES.

SAVAGES FOUND IN VARIOUS PARTS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The Natives of Terra del Fuego and Their Eternal Fires—Cannibals of the Amazon—The Feather Indians—The Patagonians—Other Peculiar People.

Concerning the native populations of the South American republics with which Uncle Sam has recently entered into commercial relations, the Department of State has taken pains to collect a good deal of interesting information. Not the least extraordinary of these people is the unique race which inhabits the great island called Terra del Fuego, or "Land [illegible]," at the southern end of the continent, claimed jointly by Chili and the Argentine. It was given this name by Magellan because of the fires that were kept eternally burning along the shore, never being permitted to go out. The natives are the fiercest savages known in the world and approach most nearly to the beast, with no foreheads to speak of, their hair growing down to their eyebrows. Their favorite and customary food is half-putrid fish, seal and whale meat thrown up by the sea along the coast about Cape Horn during the frightful storms that assail that bleak and inhospitable strand. From time to time the corpses of wrecked sailors afford them much-relished feasts, without the trouble of cooking. They eat everything raw, the fires being simply for warmth, for the climate is exceedingly cold. Nevertheless, they go about practically naked, wearing only a cloak of ratskin or other fur hung over one shoulder and always on the windward side. A Fuegan woman will sell you this garment off her back any time, and trudge off perfectly nude, but quite content, through a raging snow squall.

These Fuegans live in holes under the ground covered with brush, bark and wild cabbage leaves. In the center of each dwelling, which is entered by an inclined tunnel, a fire is kept perpetually burning, the smoke finding its way out through a hole in the roof. The embers are never allowed to become extinguished, because the people know no way of making fire, and if it was lost they could not reproduce it. It is supposed that they brought it originally, centuries ago, from some volcano in the Cordilleras. Their subterranean retreats are constructed in the manner described in order to economize warmth. In every canoe, also, a perennial blaze is kept up on a clay flooring in the middle, for convenience when a fishing or trading excursion is to be made. The children's chief duty is to keep up the fires. Recently great discoveries of gold have been made in that country and Argentine miners have gone there, with troops for protection. The latter have numerous encounters with the natives, killing them without quarter like wild beasts. Many an armed expedition has gone against these savages, who have never been subdued, though reduced in numbers. About 40,000 of them are supposed to remain. Not long ago [illegible] a British sailor, whose five companions, survivors from the wreck of an English barque, had been killed by the Fuegans. This man was saved to amuse the women and children, who beat him constantly to make him dance. When rescued he was a mass of sores and bruises.

Not less interesting than the Fuegans are the aborigines of Ecuador, who use against their enemies and in the capture of game, arrows tipped with a mysterious poison of unknown origin, which is sure and sudden death to man or beast. These deadly weapons are fired from blowpipes ten feet in length and are effective at a distance of 150 feet. Among these people, if a woman is tired of her husband she gives him a draught of "floripondio." distilled from a plant resembling the stramony, by drinking which the Delphic priests of old sought inspiration for their oracular utterances. The beverage transforms the man into an idiot, and the wife marries again.

Many strange race types most surprising to the ethnologist are found along the Amazon and its tributaries. On the high slopes of the Andes dwell people who make a practice of chopping off the heads of their enemies and preserving them for ornamental uses. The process employed in the preparation of these weird trophies is quite an art in itself, the head being literally boned—that is to say, deprived of the skull. For this purpose the throat is sliced around with a knife, and the skin is drawn off over the skull, with care to keep uninjured the mouth, nose and other features. Next, the skin being turned right side out, it is filled with hot gravel, which makes it shrink. Fresh heated gravel is put in at intervals, until the head has shrunk to a quarter the size of that of a new-born baby. Its appearance thus transformed is astonishingly grotesque, and much pleasure is derived from hanging it by its long, black hair from a rafter in the house, for the family to jeer at and abuse now and then.

On the Lower Amazon dwell the cannibal Butocudos, who distort their features with the biggest ornaments of a certain kind known. In babyhood both men and women have their lower lips and the lobes of their ears pierced with holes, in which are thrust pieces of wood. As they grow older these wooden adornments are made bigger and bigger, until an adult ordinarily has ear lobes that hang down to the shoulders and a lip that projects six inches or more beyond the nose.

In Paraguay live the ferocious Indians of the Gran Chaco, or "Great Woods," who only a few days ago massacred every soul in a civilized village of 600 people. Before long they will be annihilated and a superb territory will be open to settlement. It is covered with the finest forests in the world, full of tigers, pumas, panthers, monkeys, parrots, macaws and other interesting birds and beasts. The trees are largely of the most precious woods, particularly those which will not float in water, such as the black palm, ironwood and cocobolo. Through this region flows the Iguassu River, falling in a cataract which almost equals Niagara in magnificence. In the neighborhood of this waterfall no human dwellings are to be found, because the natives believe that the demon of the stream occupies the spot.

In Western Patagonia, among the Cordilleras Mountains, dwell the giants of whom so many big stories have been told. As a matter of fact these Araucanians, as they are called, are rarely under six feet in height and sometimes reach eight feet, seven-foot men being not infrequent. Though mildly disposed, they admit no strangers to their territory, and by stubborn resistance have compelled Chili to let them alone. Fabulous treasures of gold and silver are believed to be stored away in their mountains, but prospectors who have ventured thither have always been driven away. They commonly adorn themselves with rich and heavy ornaments of these precious metals.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Rare Genius.

Jinks—That man does not look very smart, and yet you say he has made a million.

Winks—Smart? He's a genius. He's a great inventor.

"You don't say so? What did he invent?"

"He invented an apple barrel that won't hold scarcely anything at all."—New York Weekly.

BROTHERS.

Spider,
At my window spinning,
Weaving circles wider, wider,
From the deft beginning.

Running
Wheels and spokes until you
Build your silken death-trap cunning
Shall I catch you, kill you?

Sprawling,
Nimble, shrewd as Circe,
Death s your only aim and calling—
Why should you have mercy?

Strike thee?
Not for rapine willful,
Man himself is too much like thee,
Only not so skillful.

Life in
Thee lives our Creator;
Thou'rt a shape to hold a life in;
I am nothing greater.
—Harper's.

SHE SAVED HIM.

I.

I once knew a woman, one of my patients, now dead, to whom the most extraordinary thing in the world happened, and the most mysterious and touching.

She was a Russian, Countess Marie Baranow, a very great lady, of exquisite beauty. You know how beautiful the Russians are, or, at least, how beautiful they seem to us—with their delicate noses, their sensitive mouths; their eyes so close together, of an indefinable color, a blue grey; and their cold, rather hard charm. They have something wicked and seductive, haughty and melting, tender and severe, utterly charming to a Frenchman. At bottom, perhaps, it is only the difference of race and blood that makes us see so much in them.

Her doctor had during many years known that she was threatened by a disease of the chest, and endeavored to [illegible] for the Winter, but she obstinately refused to quit St Petersburg. At last in the Autumn of last year the doctor compelled her to leave for Mentone.

She was alone in her compartment of the train, her servants occupying another. She leaned against the window a little sadly, watching the country and the villages as she whirled past, feeling very lonely in life.

At each station her footman, Ivan, came too see if his mistress had everything she desired. He was an old servant, blindly devoted, ready to obey any order she might give him.

Night fell, the train rolled on at full speed. She could not sleep, she was totally unnerved. Suddenly the idea occurred to her of counting the money given to her at the last moment in French gold. She opened her little bag and emptied on to her lap the glistening stream of metal.

But, of a sudden, a breath of cold air caught her cheek. She lifted her head in surprise. The door opened. The Countess Marie, in dismay, threw a shawl over the money spread out in her lap, and waited. A moment afterwards a man appeared, bareheaded, in the door, sat down and looked at his neighbor with a glittering eye, then wrapped his wrist in a handkerchief.

The poor woman felt faint with fright. This man must have seen her counting her money, and had come to kill her and steal it.

He still fixed his gaze upon her, breathless, his face drawn, evidently waiting to spring upon her.

He said brusquely—

"Madame, have no fear."

She answered nothing, she was incapable of opening her lips, she heard her heart beating and buzzing in her ears,

"I am no malefactor, madame," he continued.

Still she said nothing, but in a sudden movement she made her knees knocked together, and the money poured on to the carpet like water from a spout.

The man stared in surprise at this flow of gold, and at once stooped to gather it up.

She, terrified, rose, casting all her gold on the carpet, and rushed to the door to throw herself on to the line. But he perceived her intention, sprang up, seized her in his arms, and forced her on to the seat, holding her by the wrists.

"Listen to me, madame. I am no thief. As a proof I am going to gather up this money and restore it to you. But I am a lost man, a dead man, unless you help me to pass the frontier. I can tell you no more. In one hour we shall be at the last Russian station; in one hour and twenty minutes we shall be on the other side of the boundaries of the empire. Unless you aid me I am lost. And yet, madame, I have neither killed nor stolen, nor done anything dishonorable. That I swear to you. I can tell you no more."

And, going down on his knees, he collected the money, feeling under the seats and looking into the furthest corners.

Then, when the little leather bag was once more full, he handed it to his neighbor without a word and returned to his seat in the other corner of the carriage.

Neither moved. She sat motionless and mute, still faint with fright, but recovering little by little.

As to him, he moved no muscle, he sat erect, his eyes fixedly looking straight before him, very pale, as though he were dead. Every now and then she threw him a glance, which was quickly averted. He was a man of about thirty, very handsome, with every appearance of being a gentleman.

The train tore through the darkness, throwing its ear-piercing whistles into the night, now slackening speed, now off again at its fastest. Then it calmed its flight, whistled several times and stopped altogether.

Ivan appeared at the door to take orders. The Countess Marie looked for the last time at her strange companion. Then, in a voice brusque and trembling, said to her servant:

"Ivan, you will return to the Count. I have no further need of your services."

Amazed, the man opened his enormous eyes. He stammered—

"But—but"—

She continued—

"No, you need not come. I have changed my mind. I wish you to stay in Russia. Here, here is money for the journey. Give me your cap and mantle."

The old servant, bewildered, took off his cap and mantle, with unquestioning obedience, accustomed to the sudden whims and strange caprice of his mistress. He walked away with the tears in his eyes.

The train started again, racing to the frontier.

Then the Countess Marie said to her companion—

"These things are for you, monsieur; you are Ivan, my servant. I make but one condition; it is that you will never speak to me, that you will say no word to thank me on any pretext whatever."

The stranger bowed without a word.

Soon a fresh halt was made, and the officials in uniform entered the train. The Countess handed them the papers, and pointing to the man seated in the far end of the carriage—

"My servant, Ivan; here is the passport."

The train started again.

During the whole of the night they remained tête-á-tête, dumb both.

In the morning, on stopping at a German station, the stranger alighted. Then standing by the door, he said—

"Pardon me, madame, that I break my promise, but I have deprived you of your servant; it is only fair that I should replace him. Is there anything you require?"

She replied coldly—

"Go and send my maid."

He went. Then disappeared. Whenever she alighted at a refreshment-room she saw him watching her from a distance. In due course they arrived at Mentone.

II.

One day, as I was receiving my patients in my study, I saw a tall man enter. "Doctor," he said, "I come to ask news of the Countess Marie Baranow."

"She is beyond hope," I replied. "She will never return to Russia."

And this man fell to sobbing; then he arose and went out staggering like a drunken man. That same evening I told the Countess that a stranger had been to me to ask after her health. She seemed touched, and told me the tale I have just told you. She added—

"This man, whom I do not know, follows me like my shadow. I meet him every time I go out. He looks at me very strangely, but he has never spoken to me."

She reflected [illegible]: "Look, there he is, below my window!"

She rose from her sofa, drew the curtains aside, and showed me the man who had called upon me, sitting on a bench on the promenade, his eyes raised to the hotel. He saw us, rose and walked away without once turning his head. So it was that I took part in a strange and incomprehensible episode—in the love of these two beings who were quite unknown to one another.

He loved with the devotion of a rescued animal, grateful and devoted until death. He came every day to ask me, "How is she?" knowing that I had guessed. And he wept bitterly when he had seen her pass, paler and weaker every day.

She said to me:

"I have spoken but once to this singular man, and it seems to me I have known him for years."

And when they met she returned his bow with a grave and charming smile. I know she was happy—she so lonely and dying. I know she was happy to be loved with such constancy and respect, with this exaggerated poesy, with this devotion ready for all hazzards. And yet, faithful to her [illegible] to speak to him. She said "No, no, that would spoil our strange friendship. We must remain strangers to one another."

As to him, he was of a certainty a kind of Don Quixote, for he took no steps to approach her. He was determined to keep to the letter the absurd promise he had made to her in the train.

Often during the long hours of weakness she rose from her sofa to draw back the curtains and look if he were there below the window. And when she had seen him, always immovably seated on his bench, she returned to her couch with a smile on her lips.

She died one morning about 6 o'clock. As I left the hotel he came to me, his face distorted; he had already heard the news.

"I should like to see her for a second in your presence," he said.

I took his arm and re-entered the house. When he was by the bedside of the dead he took her hand and kissed it—a long, long kiss. Then he fled like a madman.—From the French of Guy de Maupassant.

An Old Maid Society.

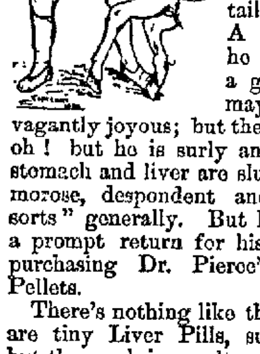
Thirty years ago and more, fifty ladies of the First Church here formed a society of old maids, every one of whom vowed that they never would marry, says a Milford, Conn., despatch.

Each member paid $5 on admission, the interest on the principle thus raised to be expended in annual dinners, while the principle itself was to go to the member who remained unmarried the longest.

In the three decades which have succeeded all but fifteen of the original fifty have married, and as the storms of sixty winters have whitened the hair of the faithful, it looks as if they would stick. It is a question who will outlive all the others and receive the reward, which now amounts to nearly $1,000.

—You've no idea how nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all tired out" or "run down," from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes a positive delight. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.



O make a long tail (tale) short. A man, after he has eaten a good dinner, may feel extravagantly joyous; but the next day—oh! but he is surly and grim, his stomach and liver are sluggish, he is morose, despondent and "out of sorts" generally. But he may get a prompt return for his money by purchasing Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

There's nothing like them. They are tiny Liver Pills, sugar-coated, but thorough in results. One Pellet is laxative, three to four cathartic.

For Indigestion, Biliousness, and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, they work like a charm, and you get a lasting benefit and a permanent cure.

They're the cheapest Pill, because *safe* and *sure*, while the manufacturers *guarantee* they'll give satisfaction, or your money is returned!

You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more?

What's the use! suffering any more from those dizzy spells, the headaches and all; make the attack yourself, with one or two of these little, Sugar-coated Pellets, and they will do the rest. They are a perfect vest-pocket remedy. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. By druggists. 25 cents a vial.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end;
That one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to the left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.
And yet with wistful eyes they never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and this is fate!
—Susan Marr Spalding.

Blowing Out a Candle.

There are many ways of blowing out a candle and there are ways a candle can be placed so that it cannot be easily extinguished with, a, the most dangerous way of putting out the flame is by a quick, strong inhalation of the breath a short distance from the candle. It will appear as if the flame had been literally swallowed. To learn the trick it is first necessary to learn the proper distance from the face to hold the candle, but this can be done after one or two trials.

Another pretty trick with a lighted candle can be done to show the peculiar way air currents will travel. Place the candle on a table and in front of it and a few inches away put an ordinary bottle. Blow directly at the bottle. It will seem as if you blew right through the bottle. A variation can be made by using two bottles instead of one. Place the bottles side by side, about a quarter or half an inch apart. Right behind the space between the two bottles place the lighted candle. If the distances are properly adjusted they can be so arranged that it is impossible to blow out the candle by blowing through the space between the bottles. There is another trick which is likewise as interesting. Take a round disk of cardboard, or one of the common tin side shades and hold it [illegible] toward you and the cardboard instead of in the direction you are blowing.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Boer Farmer's Habits.

The Boer farmer personifies useless idleness, says Lord Randolph Churchill in the Philadelphia Press. Occupying a farm of from 6,000 to 10,000 acres, he contents himself with raising a herd of a few hundred head of cattle which are left almost entirely to the care of the native whom he employs. It may be asserted, generally with truth, that he never plants a tree, never digs a well, never makes a road, never grows a blade of corn.

Rough and ready cultivation of the soil by the natives he to some extent permits, but agriculture and the agriculturist he holds alike in great contempt. He passes his day doing absolutely nothing beyond smoking and drinking coffee. He is perfectly uneducated. With the exception of the Bible, every word of which in its most literal interpretation he believes with fanatical credulity, he never opens a book; he never reads a newspaper. His simple ignorance is unfathomable. And this, in sublime composure, he shares with his wife, his sons and his daughters, being proud that his children should grow up as ignorant, as uncultivated, as hopelessly unprogressive as himself. In the winter time he moves with his herd of cattle into the better pastures and milder climate of the low country veldt, and lives as idly and uselessly in his wagon as he does in his farm house. The summer sees him returning home, and so on year after year.

Washington's Amazing Growth.

For city growth the State of Washington probably carries off the census honors, thinks a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat. There are other cities, here and there, which have made astonishing growth in ten years. But Washington is a whole State of municipal marvels. It now has twenty cities of over 1,500 population.

Ten years ago it had only two cities which exceeded that. One of them was Walla Walla and the other was Seattle. Four of the twenty cities of Washington have grown more than 1,000 per cent. in ten years. One of these cities has grown 5,592 per cent. since 1880. That is Spokane Falls, which had 350 people ten years ago, 19,922 in 1890, and probably several thousand more by this time. Washington has nine cities of the twenty for which the percentage of increase cannot be estimated. Why? Because they had no existence, not even a name or a beginning, in 1880. Each of these nine promising urban youngsters has over 1,500. Two of them, Ellensburg and North Yokima, at the last election, aspired to become the capital of the State. Two others, Fairhaven and Whatcom, without so much as a town site existence in 1880, had over 4,000 population apiece in 1890.

The Longest Telegraph Lines.

The longest telegraph line in the world extends from 18 Old Broad street, London, to 29 Cable street, Calcutta, a distance of over 7,000 miles. A gentleman went into the London office a short time ago, and was shown the Morse printer in connection with the main line from London to Teheran. Whilst he was there the instrument was switched on to Calcutta without a break. The signals were excellent, and the speed not less than four words per minute. The wire runs through Emden, Warsaw, Odessa, Kertch, Tiflis, Teheran, Bushire, Jack and Kurrachee to Calcutta. Another long line of telegraph is that over which a cablegram can be sent between British Columbia and New Zealand. The wire crosses North America, Newfoundland, the Atlantic, England, Germany, both the Russias, in Europe and Asia, China, Japan, Java and Australia, making nearly the circuit of the globe.

How to Take Off a Shirt.

No one who frequents the gymnasiums during the summer season can have failed to notice men tugging and straining at their flannel shirts in a vain endeavor to get them off. A flannel shirt, especially an undershirt, when wet with perspiration, sticks considerable closer than a brother, but a wet shirt has no terror for any one who knows how to handle it. Cross the arms, take hold of the left side of the shirt with the right hand, and the right side with the left hand, and the garment can be pulled off with perfect ease.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

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To Readers and Correspondents.

The Gazette will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be used. In all cases the writer's name is required (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1891.

Republican Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

For Auditor General,
David McM. Gregg, of Reading.

For State Treasurer,
John W. Morrison, of Pittsburgh.

COUNTY TICKET.

District Attorney,
Mahlon H. Stout, Doylestown boro.

Prothonotary,
Edw. S. Stackhouse, Doylestown twp.

Jury Commissioner,
John G. Weinberger, Milford.

Director of Poor,
Abraham F. Myers, Bedminster.

Delegates to Constitutional Con.
Henry Lear, Doylestown borough.
Samuel C. Eastburn, Middletown.

WATRES TO THE STAY AT HOMES.

[Special Correspondence.]

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20.

Pattison has at last found a political rocket that will not go off at his touch. His extra session, from a political standpoint, has been a total fizzle. It was a bold move in politics, the calling of the senate together in the midst of an exciting campaign. Big chances were taken by the two adepts who compose the Pattison cabinet, each of whom has filled the role of chairman of the Democratic state committee, for they were playing for big stakes.

The hope that Republicans would waver at the desperate audacity of their action, and give them an advantage to be carried into the state campaign, spurred them on. They now see their the senate met the issue squarely and manfully.

THE REPUBLICAN KEYNOTE.

Lieutenant Governor Watres sounded the keynote when he declared that the Republican party would insist upon a prompt and thorough investigation of every charge that might be brought against state officials. His declaration that as crime was non-partisan, so should investigation, and punishment, where deserved, be non-partisan, was at once accepted as the policy to be pursued by the Republican senators. While he did not speak as chairman of the Republican state committee, Republicans generally commended this as a proper, fair and laudable stand.

The course of the Republican senators in pressing for a prompt and speedy inquiry disconcerted the Democrats. They counted on excuses and pleadings for delay. They now realize that the people see through the political trick of calling the senate together three weeks before an election. They fear the consequences.

Though both the Republican state and quarties without interruption. The county organizations have been reporting to the state chairman the results of the canvass. The greatest enthusiasm prevails among the active men in the several counties.

TO GET OUT THE STAY AT HOMES.

The aim now is to look after those Republicans who are frequently classed among the "stay-at-homes" in off years. It is the determination of Chairman Watres to impress upon every Republican the fact that this is not an "off year," that the campaign of '92 is already under way, and that defeat in Pennsylvania next month would mean a terrible setback for the Republicans throughout the country.

Here is a warning which the chairman has just sent out to the county committeemen:

Bring Out the Stay at Home Vote.

If the Democrats carry Pennsylvania this year, they expect to nominate Governor Pattison for president next year. That's what all the Democratic hue and cry means.

They hope to carry the state by the Republicans staying away from the polls.

Therefore, a Republican who does not vote, really casts half a ballot for a Democratic candidate for president.

The Democrats hope to catch us napping. We must not fool ourselves, or be fooled by them. The usual off year vote "won't do this year."

Bring Out the Stay at Home Vote!

LOUIS A. WATRES,
Chairman Republican State Committee.

A CAMPAIGN OF WORK.

While Chairman Watres has been prodding up the county committeemen, General Reeder has been looking after the arrangements for mass meetings through the state. It is intended that this shall be more of a campaign of work in other directions than in the line of speechmaking.

Candidates Gregg and Morrison have been getting around pretty well, but more in the way of greeting the people, grasping them by the hand and, in a conversational way, discussing the issues of the canvass. They expect to be together at a grand rally of the war veterans of Pittsburg tomorrow. They will devote most of this week to the western part of the state. A meeting has been arranged for them at Beaver Falls on Thursday.

Hastings and Dalzell will get down to active work on the stump this week. The general, who has just returned from Ohio and reports McKinley a winner by a big majority, says he is now going to get into harness here and keep right in it until election day. His schedule for this week includes Towanda, Bradford county, tonight; Wellsboro, Tioga county, tomorrow; Bradford Thursday, Titusville Friday and Oil City Saturday.

Dalzell is booked to speak in West Newton, Westmoreland county, tonight, and is expected at the big opening rally, under the auspices of the Citizens' Republican association, in the Academy of Music in this city on Thursday evening next.

Misguided Partisan Zeal.

Anent Pattison's remarkable proclamation bringing a lot of petty magistrates and constables of Philadelphia for trial before the state senate, the Pittsburg Times says: "The hand that signs this extraordinary proclamation is the hand of the governor, and it bears the great seal of the commonwealth, but the mind that conceived it is the mind of the tricky and ambitious politician, intoxicated with partisan zeal and reckless of the public welfare. Governor Pattison has been unworthy of himself, and of the just expectations of the state, in permitting himself to be so misguided. He should have refused, as it is said he did at first refuse the demand of his party managers, to stoop to such a piece of campaign trickery. He would have held public respect thereby, and his surrender to their desperate scheme now will not effect the result they seek."

McCLURE'S WAR WHOOPS.

That the noise and clamor of Democratic campaign managers over the Bardsley business have ceased to have the desired effect upon the thinking voter is daily becoming more apparent. Republicans properly resent the imputation that their party is made up of thieves and marauders. The fall of Dill, the Democratic banker, of Clearfield, was but another illustration of the fact that crime is non-partisan, and that no political party can be fairly held responsible for the wrong doing of any individual, any more than can a church or religious denomination be placed in bad repute because of the chance downfall of one of its members.

"The melodramatic overture is about over, and the dust is passing away," truly says John Russell Young, in commenting on this settling down to sober thought in the canvass in Pennsylvania. "Buffalo Bill McClure, at the head of a conglomerate troop of saints, Hessians, Democrats, ward heelers and aspirants for the presidency started out on a wild hullaballoo of a stampeding raid. All who go to the shows will understand it. Buffalo Bill gets on a black horse, waggles his hair over his shoulders and howls. The Indians, in spare garment, some of them, we are afraid, only circus riders in Indian apparel, also howl. There is a grand rush and a charge, and it seems as if the roof would come down. Bill and his contingent ride back and the howling begins anew, and continues until Bill thinks people have had their money's worth, and retires.

"Buffalo Bill McClure began the campaign by declaring that all 'Republicans were thieves.' We all heard the howls. It was only Buffalo Bill McClure and his band. If the Republicans had stampeded by this time the party would be down in the Atlantic City marshes. There was no tremor. The Republicans simply said: 'This is Buffalo Bill's way. The howls, the shouts, the careering, the din and rowdy-dow. It is only business.

"The Buffalo Bill business over, and the canvass under serious consideration, what do we see? The Republicans were never more united. They see the larger issues of the campaign, what is behind the menaces and aggravations of the enemy. They see the party of Tweed making ready, as in 1870, to take possession of the country. They see New York in the hands of Tammany Hall. They see that Tammany Hall is dominated by the worst elements of society. They see the gambler, the grog shop keeper, the boodler returned from Canada, the pardoned criminal in control of administration. They see the splendid administration of Harrison and Blaine threatened with a withdrawal of the confidence it has earned. They see crude notions as to money, finance and taxation; political schemes in vogue nowhere in this state outside of Dr. Kirkbride's hospital accepted as national issues. They see the executive administration of the state a mere bureau in the Democratic national canvass for the presidency. They see this—and more than all realize the responsibility involved in the political axiom that Pennsylvania is the Keystone state, and as goes Pennsylvania so will go the Union.

"This is the canvass as it drifts. We are out of the circus riding stage. We are now for serious politics. Republicans mean to save this state for Harrison and Blaine. They mean that Pennsylvania shall remain the banner state and Philadelphia the banner city of the Republican column. And to that end they mean to make an earnest, aggressive, educational campaign, without reservation, equivocation or apology from now until the close of the polls."

SHERIDAN ON GREGG.

When it is remembered that the great and gallant commander, General Sheridan, was not lavish or indiscriminate in his praise of officers under his command, his words of commendation for General D. McM. Gregg will be considered all the more significant. The fight made by Gregg at St. Mary's Church in June, 1864, was one of the many brilliant and stubborn struggles in which he was the commander of the Union forces.

Sheridan, in his memoirs, after describing the persistency and devotion of Gregg and his division in this particular fight, says:

"Gregg's losses were heavy and he was forced to abandon his dead and most seriously wounded, but the creditable stand made insured the safety of the train, the last wagon of which was now packed at Wilcox's landing.

"His steady, unflinching determination to gain time for the wagons to get beyond the point of danger was characteristic of the man, and this was the third occasion on which he exhibited a high order of capacity and sound judgment since coming under my command. The firmness and coolness with which he always met the responsibilities of a dangerous place were particularly strong points in Gregg's makeup."

It Would Astonish Him.

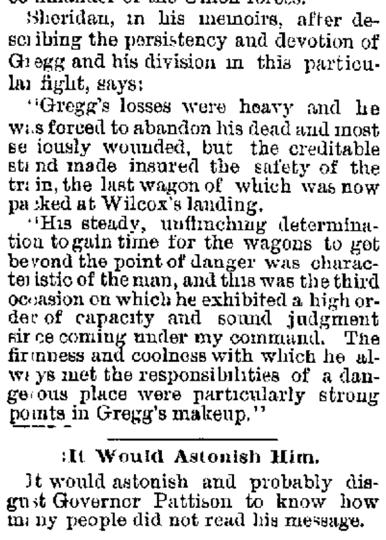
It would astonish and probably disgust Governor Pattison to know how many people did not read his message.

Hoist on His Own Petard.

The calling of the senate, which Governor Pattison and his Democratic advisers expected would carry dismay to the Republican party, will we doubt not give us the leadership which was needed to assure the searchers after the truth that the Republican party cannot be made the cloak of concealment. The weapon forged to wound us will help overcome our adversaries.—Philadelphia North American.

A Mean Campaign Trick.

The incorporation of head lines intended for partisan effect into a governor's message is a new idea in this state, which it was left for the Democratic campaign managers to originate. This attempt to give a partisan color to an official paper is in perfect harmony with the action in calling the extra session.—Norristown Herald.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

GRANGERS REVOLT.

A strong movement among the farmers of Pennsylvania has been inaugurated against the candidacy of Robert E. Wright, the Democratic nominee for auditor general. It is headed by Leonard Rhone, master of the Pennsylvania State Grange. Though a Democrat and numbered among the most enthusiastic supporters of Pattison in the last gubernatorial campaign, the master of the state grange declares he cannot support the Democratic nominee for auditor general, who is known as "Corporation Bob" among the farmers of Pennsylvania.

Master Rhone is out in an address, issued from the Office of Master, Pennsylvania State Grange, Centre Hall, Pa., over his own name, in which he says:

"Every citizen of the United States is invested with the sacred trust of the ballot. As he votes so will our government be. Therefore, every voter should carefully consider before he casts his ballot for whom and what he is voting.

"The great political parties of our country have boasted long and loud about being the champions of the equality and liberties of the people, but how often has the power of selfish interests subverted these principles to purposes of personal greed and the oppression of the people? No class has suffered more from these inroads on the rights of the people than the agricultural class. They have been slow to resent it, but when it did come it came very emphatic, as was demonstrated at last fall's election, in the defeat of the leading nominee of the dominant party of Pennsylvania, for no other reason than his record on the Farmers' Grange tax bill, which had for its object an equitable distribution of the burdens of government.

"The situation at the coming election is very similar to that of last fall, only that the party relations are reversed. We have in the nomination of Mr. Robert E. Wright, for auditor general, by one of the leading political parties, a candidate whose record shows him to be opposed to the farmer's demand for equality in the distribution of the necessary burdens of government. It was Robert E. Wright, representing a great corporation, that made the most bitter and unfair attack upon the farmers' Grange tax bill before the senate finance committee during the last session of the legislature, and it is reasonable to suppose that what he did as a private citizen, and employe of a great corporation, he would do as auditor general. Then how can we, as farmers, consistently support a man who has so persistently opposed the farmers' demands for equality in our tax laws.

"If I understand the essence of Democracy, it is for the equality of rights" and the principles of Republicanism, it is for "an equitable representative government or no taxation without representation.

"We want to be true to our political parties, we do not advocate a change in our party allegiance, but we cannot consistently carry out our principles and vote for men who will misrepresent us when in office and defeat our purposes of equality as an organization. Pray tell us how many farmers are on the ticket of either party as delegates to the constitutional convention? Not one. Party vassals and party boobies may vote that way, but free men, never."

"Farmers' Friend" Against Wright.

In calling attention to the address of Master Rhone, of the State Grange, in declaring against the candidacy of Robert E. Wright, the Democratic nominee for auditor general, Colonel R. H. Thomas, editor of The Farmers' Friend and Grange Advocate, says: "Mr. Wright was perhaps the ablest of all the corporation attorneys and did more than any other attorney for more than thirty great corporations."

Pattison's Democratic Roar.

The ass in the lion's skin was not less a success as a masquerader than Governor Pattison as a reformer. The ass' bray betrays him, and the Democratic tones of the governor's roar give him away.—Bradford Star.

STAND BY YOUR GUNS.

Republicans of Pennsylvania Must Meet the Issue.

"A Democratic victory in this state this year would have far reaching significance," said Congressman O'Neill, of Philadelphia, in discussing the political situation. "This is no tidal wave year, and a Republican setback following the one throughout the country last fall would be without precedent. Moreover, this is the eve of the presidential canvass, when the Republicans can reasonably be counted on to use all practicable and legitimate efforts to win. A Democratic triumph now would give the Democracy a chance to say that the state would be doubtful in 1892, and correspondingly depress the Republicans.

"This, of course, would boom Pattison for the presidency. Such claims would be most dangerous outside the borders of Pennsylvania. With the Keystone state appearing to falter imagine the shock to Republicanism in New York, Indiana, Ohio, Connecticut and in some of the far western states."

Can Point With Pride.

All good Republicans in the state should vote for Gregg and Morrison in November, and we believe they will, for these men represent the principles of government which have been so beneficial to the state and nation for the past thirty years. Gregg and Morrison are men to whom the Republicans of this state can point with pride, for they are of the stock which makes the best of public servants—honest, sincere men whose characters are above reproach, whose whole lives have been spent in honest industry, in good deeds for the nation and for their respective communities, and whose experience has been such as to fit them for the duties which the Republicans propose to elect them to perform.

A Good Sort of "Humbug."

"The New York Democrats speak of 'Blaine reciprocity' as a 'humbug,'" remarked Ex-Governor Beaver, "but give us some more humbugs like it. It is building up our foreign trade rapidly and adding millions of dollars each month to the wealth of the country."

That Harrity-McClure Crowd.

With commendable dispatch the senate has hastened to sift the charges, thereby making nothing of the political capital which Governor Pattison fancied he could derive from his move. This alacrity was unexpected by the Harrity-McClure crowd. It has dissaranged the schemes of the Democrats, some of whom are already criticizing the move as one that will react to the injury of their party.—Philadelphia Evening News.

—"A GOD-SEND is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Your Balm has cured me."—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.

I WAS so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepsner, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

—The great Dr. Boerhaave left three directions for preserving the health—keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open. Had he practised in our day, he might have added; and purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for he certainly would consider it the best.

TIN, TIN, AMERICAN TIN.

Major McKinley Tells a Story Which Comes Home to Pennsylvanians.

Pennsylvania's growing tin industry is attracting national attention and is figuring in the political campaigns in all the northern states in which important elections are to be held next month. The Republican policy of protection to this, as well as other industries giving employment to American labor, is not forgotten by the workingmen of the Keystone state in the present political canvass.

Major McKinley, while addressing one of his rousing meetings in Ohio the other day, was interrupted by a man in the audience who handed him up a paper on which he had written some questions he desired answered.

The first question was: "Is there any tin ore in the United States, and where?" His answer was. "Yes; in the Black Hills in Dakota; it is to be found in San Bernardino county, Cal., and at both of this places tin ore is being mined today. have seen this tin ore, which has been used and tested, and made into pig tin that has already been used for making tinplate in the United States."

The second question was. "Where is tin plate made?" He at once answered: "In Demmler, Pa., and in Apollo, Pa.; in Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., and in Philadelphia, Pa. But Governor Campbell," McKinley said, "complains of the tariff on tin, and he says that the people have got to pay it all. The governor wanted to restore the tariff on sugar. Now," said McKinley, "admitting that we did pay all the tin tariff, admitting that we cannot produce tin ore or tin plate in the United States, which would his hearers rather have, two cents a pound put upon foreign tin plate or the restoration of two and a half and three and a half cents per pound on sugar? If we do not and cannot produce any tin this country—which is false—then the tariff on tin is a revenue tariff, and puts revenue into the public treasury. It also fosters an industry which gives employment to American labor. We have evidence of this fact at home here in Ohio and among our neighbors in Pennsylvania."

Cigars and the Tariff.

The purchaser is getting a better cigar than formerly.

The United States manufacturer is increasing his output very largely.

The United States wage earning cigarmaker finds an increased demand for his labor.

Blaine's Policy Speaks for Him.

Though Blaine may be unable to take part in the campaign in this his native state this fall, his reciprocity policy will talk for him and assist in electing Gregg and Morrison.

To Stay at Homes.

The stay at home Republicans are the best allies of the Democracy.

Our dear little daughter was terribly sick,
Her bowels were bloated as hard as a brick,
We feared she would die
Till we happened to try
Pierce's Pellets—they cured her, remarkably quick.

Never be without Pierce's Pellets in the house. They are gentle and effective in action and give immediate relief in cases of indigestion, biliousness and constipation. They do their work thoroughly and leave no bad effects. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Best Liver Pill made.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, October 19, 1891

All the stocks are very active. Completeness and Cheapness mark each collection. The store service is excellent, error at the minimum, promptness at the maximum.

This community knows that the greatest single assembly of merchandise ever made for American retailing is here, the great buying proves it.

Broadcloths and their close kin—Ladies' Cloth and Habit Cloth, are in tempting array. The only difficult thing is to choose where all are so beautiful. You know the peculiar loveliness of these stuffs—finish as dainty as the petal of a rose, colors as exquisite as art can supply. The Broadcloth family will always remain the aristocracy of Dress Goods.

There are maybe fifty shades and qualities on the counters now. A peerless gathering; starting with 50-inch goods at 65 and 75 cents; continuing with a 52-inch line at $1, $1.25 and $1.75, and climaxing with 54-inchers at $2 and $3.

The Autumn Suit, what shall it be? A serious question to the young man whose hard-earned dollars are to be invested in the Clothes. A question of doubt and fear—wearing Clothes is serious business. If they don't fit or if they shock your taste then the joy of life is discounted.

Sound business policy assimilates facts. We digest these facts and apply the following resulting principles:

Every man, especially every young man, is welcome to examine and try on and criticise and study our Clothing to his heart's content.

This overture is made regardless of the buying question, is extended to all who merely wish to look, or compare, and implies no obligation to buy.

All that our salesmen know about Clothing, its styles and materials, is at the command of all visitors.

Wanamaker's.

Young Men's Suits.

- Suit with single-breasted Sack, neat gray check Homespun, $13 50.
- Suit with double-breasted Sack, of wood brown Homespun, $15
- Suit with double or single-breasted Sack, gray, blue gray or brown Cheviot, $20.
- Suit with single-breasted Sack, of very rough genuine Scotch Homespun, $20.
- The same, with double-breasted Sack, $22 50.

Fall Overcoats.

- Plain and mixed All-wool Meltons, very strong, $10.
- Diagonals and Covert Cloths, $12.
- Extra Covert Cloths, Kerseys and Meltons, $13.50.
- English Homespuns, very stylish, $16.50.
- And many other styles at intermediate prices to $30.

The reputation of our Clothing Store is staked this season upon the advanced points of style in fashion and form of the garments we offer. The sales have doubled this week. Don't that show that we have struck the right chord? We think so.

The new Clothing space is bright, broad and beautiful.

Just a glance at half-a-dozen of the roughish Cloths.

- Cloth finished Foule Serge, 50 inches, $1, 15 colors.
- Camel's Hair Foule, 52 inches, $1.25 10 colors.
- Diagonal Cheviot Mixtures, 48 inches, $1.25. 20 colors.
- Wide Wale Diagonal Cheviot, 52 inches, $1.50 10 colors
- Homespun Cheviot, 54 inches, $1 50. 8 colors.
- Camel's Hair Homespun, 50 inches, $1. 17 colors.
- Cheviot Homespun, 50 inches, $1.50. 10 colors.

Here's a Five Dollar Blanket that betters the best at the price we've ever had before. Pure wool—and 6 to 6½ pounds of it; liberal size—74x86 inches. There's wool and wool. That in these Blankets is dry, soft, springy, thoroughly cleaned. Precisely the same Blanket is on sale in town at $6.

New Books, New Books! This is the season when they're ripening almost at their fastest. It takes a wide-awake watcher to keep track of even their names, just now. You know that New-Book Table of ours? Bigger, handier than ever, and packed with just-come Books, set on edge—title up! Here are the names of a random handful from it:

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations. Final edition 1158 pages,	$2.25
Points of View. Agnes Repplier,	.90
[illegible]	[illegible]
The Leaf Collector's Hand-book. C. S Newhall,	1.50
A new edition of Oliver Wendell Holmes, to be completed in 13 vols. the 4 vols of the Breakfast Table Series now ready, $1 10 each.	

FICTION.

The House of Martha. Stockton,	.90
The Faith Doctor. Eggleston,	1.10
A King of Tyre Rev. Jas Ludlow,	.75
According to St. John. Amelie Rives,	.90
We All Octave Thanet,	1 10
One Reason Why Beatrice Whitby,	.75
Courage. Ruth Ogden (author of "A Loyal Little Red Coat,")	.85
The Chase of the Meteor. Bynner,	.90
Elsket and Other Stories. Thos. Nelson Page,	.75
My Land of Beulah. Mrs Leith-Adams,	60
Phillida. Maud Howe,	75
Prince Dusty. Kirk Munroe,	.90

JOHN WANAMAKER.

"What We Look Like"

is the title of a little brochure illustrating the various departments of our establishment, with a comprehensive description thereof, also observations that will be found of great use in shopping through the mails.

All the illustrations have been reproduced direct from Photographs, and give a correct idea of the size, appearance and attractiveness of this great establishment,—the largest in America devoted exclusively to the display and sale of Dry Goods.

The book is charmingly illustrated, handsomely printed on the finest plate paper, and may be had for the asking.

Strawbridge & Clothier, { Market Street, Eighth Street, Filbert Street. } **Philadelphia.**

Miscellaneous

W. H. VAN HORN,
Dealer in
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.
(Nimon's Old Stand)
Cor. Wood & Washington Sts.
BRISTOL, PA.
Goods Promptly Delivered.

FREDERICK KING,
DEALER IN
-HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,-
LAMPS AND FIXTURES.
CONFECTIONERY!
Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts,
BRISTOL, PA.

Business Opening.
Chas. H. Ancker,
(Formerly with Herrmann)
UPHOLSTERING
—AND—
JOBBING of all Kinds,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Orders by mail receive strict attention.
Next to the Postoffice.

AN OFFICE WHERE
Everything in connection with
REAL ESTATE
IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO

You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn, ... surveyed, the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.

A. Weir Gilkeson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRISTOL, PA.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery
AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,
Radcliffe & Market Sts, Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.
FOUR STORES!
Immense quantities of goods bought for low prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.
Choice Roast, 10c per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c per lb.

BOOZ & BLACK,
—DEALERS IN—
FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS
A specialty in
TEAS AND COFFEES.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR. RADCLIFFE AND MILL STS.
Your trade is solicited.

—OPENING!—
THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRES TO INform the residents of Bristol and vicinity, that he has opened with a full line of
Ladies', Gents' and Children's
SHOES.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.
PHILIP WINTER,
33 MILL ST., BRISTOL, PA.

WANTED—Are you looking for a position in the West? We have vacancies for office work, store clerks, farm hands, and other positions too numerous to mention. Address, enclosing stamp for reply, W. E. Payne & Co., employment agents, 1004 Union avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

F. H. WEIK,
Sanitary Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter,
NO. 48 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.
All work entrusted to my care promptly and carefully attended to.

ROBERT M. YARDLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Doylestown, Pa.

Charles Guyon,
GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!
—AND—
Hard Wood Finisher;
Washington St., next to School House,
BRISTOL, PA.

Burke's Express.
In the future you will please find me at the house of Mr. Walton, upper side of Washington street, next door to the corner of Cedar street.
F. B. BURKE,
P. O. Box, 314. Bristol, Pa.

Miscellaneous

HOUSEKEEPERS!
I wish to call your ESPECIAL ATTENTION to the Large and Elegant Assortment of
Parlor Suites, Bed Room Suites, Dining Room and Office Furniture of all Descriptions,
Embracing many New and Novel Effects. Over 50 different Patterns of Parlor Suites
OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, FROM $35 UP.
Three entire floors devoted to Bed Room Furniture. A good oak suite for $20. You are cordially invited to call when in Trenton and compare prices.
Lawrence Farrell,
144 & 146 N. Broad St. | TRENTON | 112 & 114 Academy St.

CLOTHING THAT NEVER FAILS.
PERFECT in cut and finish—always guaranteed for service—and the saving makes it worth your while.
WANAMAKER & BROWN, PHILA.
The Largest Clothing and Tailoring House in America.
We have been appointed Sales Agents for Bristol and vicinity, furnished with the new line of Samples, and the correctness of our measures is guaranteed by the House. Please call or send postal card.
When convenient, order a little in advance so that we may not fail to have the Clothing here the day you are ready.
J. B. YOST, 34 Mill Street.
Also, Dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH
THE CURE FOR CATARRH, COLD IN HEAD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

Swithin C. Shortlidge's Media Academy
Media, Pa., near Philada.
School Opens Sept. 24th.
Yearly Expense, $500.
Circulars Free.

JAMES H. MASON KNOX, D.D., LL.D., President of Lafayette College, writes:—Mr. SHORTLIDGE is a most successful teacher. The students whom he has prepared for Lafayette have given abundant evidence of his thorough fulness and skill as an instructor. I take very great pleasure in commending him and the Media Academy to all who seek a school in which they may be sure of their sons receiving the very best attention. The school is worthy of the highest commendation.

CHAS. A. SCHAFFER, Dean of Cornell University, N.Y., writes:—I take pleasure in stating that the gentlemen entered without condition. Hoping that you may be able to send us many more such, I am very sincerely yours.

DR. WILLIAM PEPPER, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, writes:—I have had frequent occasion to observe the good results of the thorough work done by the students under your care, and a careful examination of your course of study as compared with the requirements for admission to the University of Pennsylvania, shows that your school affords every opportunity to those students desiring to fit themselves for entrance to this as well as to other colleges of the highest grade.

REV. JAMES McCOSH, Ex-President of Princeton University, writes:—I have examined with care the course of studies pursued at SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S SCHOOL at Media, Pa., and I find it to be admirable. Mr. SHORTLIDGE has sent to this college a number of fine boys well prepared.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard University, writes:—You have supplied us with the best possible evidence of the excellence of your school in presenting young men so well fitted, and I hope you will have the professional success which you certainly deserve.

The Kindergarten and Primary School will re-open on September 28, 1891.
A. N. IREDELL,
Radcliffe Street, Bristol.

Furniture Repaired!
Having a Practical knowledge of Repairing and Upholstering Furniture, Re-Caning Chairs, Renovating Mattresses, etc., I have opened a
Repair Shop, on Radcliffe St.,
Opposite Silbert House,
Where I will be pleased to have you call and leave your work. Good Work, Low Prices. Repairing of Baby Coaches in a first-class manner.
JOSEPH C. FOSTER.

STOVES AND TINWARE.
T. B. DOUGLASS.
No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol Pa.,
Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.
Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.
Metaline Brilliant,
the best article in the world for cleaning nickel, brass, silver, &c.
Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line
Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.
TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY
All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

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Successor of the Unabridged.
WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
A GRAND INVESTMENT
For the Family, the School or the Library.
The work of revision occupied over ten years, more than a hundred editorial laborers having been employed, and over $300,000 expended before the first copy was printed.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
A Pamphlet of specimen pages, illustrations, testimonials, etc., sent free by the publishers.
Caution is needed in purchasing a dictionary, as photographic reprints of a comparatively worthless edition of Webster are being marketed under various names, often by misrepresentation.
GET THE BEST,
The International, which bears the imprint of
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., PUBLISHERS,
SPRINGFIELD, Mass., U. S. A.

FOR SALE
ON EASY TERMS, THE FLOUR AND FEED Store, Coal Yard, Business Stand and Private Residence, situate Nos. 25, 27, 29, 31 and 33 Bath Street, belonging to the estate of Henry M. Wright, deceased, and now occupied by Edward Leedom & Son. Apply to
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Bristol, Pa.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.
PERSONS wishing laborers or farm hands can be supplied by calling on
FERDINAND SENECA,
Penn Street, Bristol.

Bordentown and Phila. Line.
Steam. Florence
Leaves Bristol at 8 15 A. M., daily, for Philadelphia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia, (Arch Street wharf), at 2.00 P. M.
Single fare 25c., excursion tickets, 40c.
Freight at low rates, and carefully handled.

Commencing Saturday, May 2.
STEAMBOAT
"John A. Warner,"
Will leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7 00 a. m., and 4 p. m. Returning, leaves Phila. at 2 and 6 p. m. Sundays leaves Bristol at 8 15 a. m. and 4 p. m. Returning leaves Phila. at 2 and 6 p. m.
Fare 25c. Excursion 40c.
Freight carried at low rates.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,
55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.
We have on hand a large & well selected stock of
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Perfumery & Toilet Articles,
White Lead, Oils & Varnishes.
Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's
Ready Mixed Paints,
These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.
We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

Do you want any Printing?

THE attention of the public is directed to the fact that the Job Department of the GAZETTE office is better equipped in all the material that is needed to do excellent printing, than any other office in Bristol, or for that matter, any other establishment in lower Bucks County.

If so, come to us!

IN THE first place it contains the largest assortment of Job Types, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four sizes of printing presses of the best makes and other requisite machinery which perform the work in the best manner. The presses are run by steam power and execute their work with precision and rapidity.

For good work!

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cut cards and card board is as large as the demand warrants and is kept up in its variety.

THE mechanical department is in charge of George R. Sherman, an experienced job printer, who gives his personal supervision to the correct and tasteful execution of all orders entrusted to the office.

For quick work!

WE DO more printing and have better facilities for doing it than the other offices in Bristol combined. We have the trade and are determined to keep it by making prices satisfactory and the work we do first-class. *⁎*Our prices are the Lowest. Full count on all jobs guranteed. Liberal discount on large orders.

The Gazette office, Bristol, Pa.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22 1891

BRISTOL POST OFFICE

ARRIVAL AND CLOSE OF THE MAILS

NEW YORK Arrive at 7 00 10 1 A M 7 15 P M Close at 7,00 8 15 11 A M 4 0 6 15 P M

PHILADELPHIA Arrive at 9 1 A M 4 00 4 P M Close at 7 15, 10 30 A M 2 45 10 P M

NEWPORTVILLE Arrive at 8 00 A M and leave at 8 08 A M

EAGLE AND OXFORD VALLEY &c Arrive at 10 10 A M Close at 11 A M

BELVIDERE DIVISION Arrives at 10 15, A M 7 P M Close at 6 30 10 00 A M

DOYLESTOWN PENNS VALLEY MORRISVILLE Arrives at 10 A M 3 P M Close 6 00 A M 10 P M

TRENTON Arrives at 7 00 10 00 A M, 3 5 P M Leaves at 7 00 8 45 A M, 4 00 and 6 45 P M

WESTERN Arrives at 7 45 10 00 A M Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail

Post Office closes 8 00 P M Saturday 8 30 P M open Sunday from 8 to 9 A M

W H H ... P M

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Leave Bristol for Phila, (Broad St) *2 46, 5 35, 6 30, 6 53, 7 21, 7 43, *8 12, 8 23, *9 14, *9 19, 9 52, *10 36 A M 12 07, 1 01, *1 31, *2 41, *3 05, 3 12, 4 01, *4 58, *5 41, 5 46, 6 25 *7 00, *7 32, 8 51, 9 27, 11 21 P. M Sunday trains, *2 46, 7.00, *8 11, 9 00, *9 19, *10 26, A M *12 4, 12 25, 5.05, 5 43, *7.21, 7 30, *8 0, 8 51, 9 28, *11 03 P M

Leave Phila. (Broad St) for Bristol, 12 01, 6 07, 6 28, *6 50, 7 32, *8 25, 8 30 10 01, *11 14 A M 12 01, 1 10, 1 50, 2 43, 3 32, *4 00, 4 20, *5.00, 5 02 5 25, *6 00, 6 01, 6 21, *7 03, 7 27 9 17, *10 00, 10 28, 11 31 P M. Sunday trains, 12 01, 7 40, *8 25, *8 30 9.12 11 45, A M 2 06, *5 28 5 53, *7 0, 7 25, *8 12, 10 25 P M.

(*) Express trains

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

—Rev Dr and Mrs J H M Knox are in Bristol, the guests of Mrs Julia Slack

—Mrs Joseph S Peirce is visiting her daughter, Mrs Wilbur F Miller, at Brunswick, Md

—The Baptists will hold their first Social of the season to night, in the lecture room of the church

—The Democrats of Bristol expect to hold a mass meeting at Riverview Hall, on Saturday, October 31.

—The Bristol public schools are closed this week, the teachers being in attendance at the Institute at Doylestown

—On and after next Monday the steamboat Florence will leave Philadelphia at 2 o'clock, P M, instead of 2 30 o'clock

—Mrs. Hezekiah King, of Yonkers, N Y, spent several days in Bristol during the past week, the guest of Miss Anna Landreth

—Dr W B Baker, who has been absent for a number of weeks visiting friends in Cecil County, Md, has returned home

—Joshua A Cooper, station agent at Tullytown, received the first prize for his saddle horse "Chief," at the late Trenton Inter-State Fair.

—The Hotchkiss Sisters, Swiss Bell Ringers, will give a musical entertainment in the M E church to-morrow evening, for the benefit of the Sunday-school.

—Hugh McGlynn, of Bristol, a trackman on the Pennsylvania railroad was struck by an express train, at Elder's station, on last Thursday, and instantly killed McGlynn was foreman of the floating repair gang who were repairing the tracks He leaves a widow and eleven children

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Postoffice, October 22, 1891 Miss Priscilla Brown, Mrs R Carmeer, Francis Clarke 155 Wood, Commercial Ins Co, Miss Annie Dunnavon, Perry Helens, Chas Hall, Miss Katie Smith, Miss Emma Sellers, William Thompson.

—About 10 o'clock last Saturday night George Strain, of Bridesburg, was killed at the Mill street crossing while attempting to board a freight train He either missed his footing or was knocked off by the bridge He lived until about 2 o'clock Sunday morning. A brother, residing in Camden, took charge of the body on Sunday.

—Rev Frank Church, a former pastor of the Bristol M. E. Church, committed suicide at his home in Philadelphia, while temporarily insane. He had been in ill health for a long time. Mr. Church was dearly beloved by his parishoners here, as well as by many friends outside of his congregation, and the news of his death called forth many expressions of deep regret.

—Bristol people should have no hesitancy in voting for Mahlon H. Stout for District Attorney, and Edward S Stackhouse for Prothonotary. They are both former residents of this borough, and while they lived here made good citizens They both made good officers in the past and are well qualified for the positions they respectively are candidates for Let Bristol give them each a good old-fashioned Republican majority as a send off.

—The large barn of Benjamin F. Taylor, on the farm near Woodburne, known as the "Watty" Brown place, was destroyed by fire on Monday evening The contents, comprising some fifty tons of hay, some straw and machinery belonging to Garrett Tyrell, were also burned. The barn was worth about $2,000 and the contents over $1,000.

—On Tuesday afternoon Emil Westermann, a shoemaker, residing on Pond street, above Washington, shot himself with a 38 calibre revolver, in the mouth, which resulted in his immediate death The report of the pistol was heard between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, but no attention was paid to it at the time Shortly after five o'clock his wife went upstairs and found him lying on the bed with the blood oozing from his mouth. She supposed that he had a hemorrhage and called to the neighbors Upon investigation the pistol was found lying beside him on the bed. The bullet had passed through his head and through the head-board of the bed, striking the wall beyond and then rolled back under the bed. No cause can be assigned for the act. Westermann had been married but a few weeks, and his relations with his wife had been pleasant, and his financial affairs were in good shape Coroner Brennan held an inquest last night The following jury were impannelled James Varden, Charles Weiks, Chas Saxton, Timothy Connelly, J Gallagher, and John Coleman. The evidence of Mrs Westermann and some of the neighbors was heard, after which the jury returned a verdict "that the deceased came to his death by a gun-shot wound inflicted by his own hand for a cause unknown to the jury."

—The remaining University Extension Lectures in the present course, will be delivered in the Presbyterian church, the room in Washington Hall having proved too limited to accommodate those who desire to attend Additional season tickets will be sold to those who want them for the remaining five lectures. These can be procured from William V. Leech, Secretary of the Bristol Centre, at the GAZETTE office and at Dr Pursell's drug store The next lecture will be given to-morrow evening Professor Thorpe's first lecture was so thoroughly enjoyed by his audience, and was so instructive as well as entertaining, that there is no question about the attractiveness of the remaining ones. He is thoroughly familiar with his subject and has the happy faculty of communicating his knowledge in a manner that holds the close attention of his auditors

—The unwarranted attack upon Ex-City Treasurer, Frank Bell, by a correspondent in the Doylestown Democrat, is not only disproved by all the facts but is repudiated by Mr Bell's political opponents where he is best known. In the investigation of the Keystone Bank and the missing city funds it has been clearly shown that upon each and every point in which Mr. Bell was at all concerned he performed his duties faithfully and received no compensation that was not legitimate in its character. The assailing of Mr. Bell's character upon grounds that are wholly unwarranted for fear that he may at some future time be the Republican candidate for Congress in this district, shows that the Democracy will resort to any measures to accomplish its ends, no matter how despicable they may be

—The Foster Memorial Night School will re-open next week The heater for the new building is being put in and every thing will be in readiness by that time The contributions asked for, for the heater thus far received have been very meagre, but Mr W C Peirce has taken the responsibility of providing one upon his own shoulders, trusting that there will be sufficient interest among the people of Bristol in providing an elementary education to those who are unable to attend the public school to defray a portion of the expense

—The following deeds of Bristol property were presented at the Recorder's office, Doylestown, for record, last week Thomas B Douglass to Serrill Douglass, lot, September 1, 1891, $2,500, Henry B. Banes and wife to Morris D Harrison, lot, Oct. 8, 1891, $488 trustees of Sarah Winder to Henry B Banes, lot, October 8, 1891 $976

—The following Bristol teachers are attending the Institute at Doylestown Matilda S. Booz, Annie F Hayden, Helen L Black, Mellie B. Harrison, Anna L Brady, Margaret Barrett, Eva Gould, Marie T Bache, Caroline N. Keeler, Ella Carter, Sarah J Repsher, Mary E Eagle, Alice V. Lippincott, K. Anna Rumsey, Emilie P Rousseau.

—The second lecture on Epochs in American History, by Prof. Thorpe, of the University of Pennsylvania, will be delivered to morrow evening, in the Presbyterian church. The course tickets are $1 00. The price of a single admission is 25 cents

—Mr Henry K. Love, President of the Iowa National Bank, at Des Moines, Iowa, died last Thursday morning. His wife, who was formerly Miss Patty B. Thomas, of Bristol, has the sympathy of her many friends here in her bereavement.

—The shoe shop of Joseph Beurk, on Bath street, was entered on Saturday night, and a quantity of boots, shoes, leather and all his tools taken

—"What We Look Like," is the title of a beautiful 20-page book issued by Strawbridge & Clothier. It is a gem of the printer's art, and gives all the prominent external and internal views of this popular house direct from photograph It is a perfect guide through this immense store, giving a correct diagram of all the floors. Write to Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, for a copy, they are sent out free.

—The Lotus Literary and Debating Society held its first regular meeting for the season of 1891-2, on Monday evening last, at the Baptist church parlors, the vice-president presiding. It being the semi-annual meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing term President, R B Kelly, Vice-President, Harry S Sickles, Secretary, F Max Gress, Treasurer, S T. Valentine, Financial Secretary, Walter Hall, Editor, Doron Green The president elect appointed the following standing committees On programme for meetings, Messrs John Angus and F W Powner. On membership, Messrs John Christy, Clem Lippincott and W R Bailey, Auditors, Elnathan Brown and Philip Sailor No regular programme was participated in at the meeting as the election of officers and other routine business consumed the greater part of the evening. Two propositions for membership were received. The programme committee reported the following for the next meeting to be held on Monday evening, Oct 26, at the usual place Reading, Clarence Hutchins, Essay, F Max Gress, subject for debate, "Resolved, That the Exemption of Local Taxes on Manufactories for a term of years is Advantageous to a Community" Affirmative, H S Sickel, Elnathan Brown, negative, W R Bailey, John Christy Contributions to Journal, F. W. Powner, Philip Sailor, Clem Lippincott, Walter Hall, J Keene Smith The meeting of the Lotus will be held every Monday evening at eight o'clock, at the parlors of the First Baptist church, and an invitation is extended to all the young men of Bristol and vicinity to come and spend a pleasant and instructive evening, whether you are a member or not. The meetings are not secret, but open to all young men There is no initiation fee and the dues are but ten cents per month. Let this season be prosperous and advantageous one

—In an old peaked-roof house that long ago reached the century mark in age, on Mill street, near the telephone exchange, a quaint old cobbler hammers and stitches away, ever in a merry mood and never idle People who pass his little shop day after day declare that he is always at work, and no one seems to know when he slumbers. He is old John Cherry, and his industry ought to be contagious A quaint advertisement, which John says is the joint production of himself and his son, is posted in his window, and is as curious as the cobbler himself It reads

Here lives a man
That don't refuse
To make and mend
Your boots and shoes.
His leather is good,
His work is quick
His profits are small,
But he gives no tick.
And when he dies
He fears no coals,
As he has saved
So many soles.

—Mrs. William Henderson, of Lawrenceville, N. J., is visiting her father, the Rev Dr E. P Shields.

LET every true Republican who has the interests of his party at heart, prepare to come to the polls on November 3d. This is the way by which the party will win, and the only way A full Republican vote this year will be synonymous with a Republican majority.

—The honors of entrance into the University of London were recently carried off over 1600 male students by Charlotte Higgins, a young Scotch girl. Her father died when she was eight years old, and it is through the efforts of her mother she has been able at twenty to be the possessor of a fine education

THE Burlington Enterprise has been purchased by a syndicate consisting of General E Burd Grubb, United States Minister to Spain, C Ross Grubb, his brother, Nathan Haines, cashier of the Mechanics National Bank, and N. W. C. Hays, the Republican candidate for State Senator The paper, it is said, will be made a vigorous Republican organ, and will voice General Grubb's sentiments.

THERE is a strong contrast between the Republican campaign now being carried on in Ohio and New York, and the one at its height in Pennsylvania The former are of the old-fashioned kind, with lots of the noise and enthusiasm of public meetings, while that in this State belongs to the quiet variety, devoid of fuss and feathers But the latter will be just as successful, if every true voter of the party does his duty by coming to the polls on election day and bringing his neighbor of the same faith with him.

—The search of R. Jones Monaghan, Esq, of West Chester, who disappeared two weeks ago, has been abandoned, and the majority of his friends have given him up for dead. Detective Robert O Jeffries returned from New York on Saturday. He was the last of the searching party on the ground. The Pinkerton detectives have been called off. The friends of the missing man will make no further search for him, unless they learn something of his whereabouts since he left the Gilsey House, New York, two weeks ago A reward of $500 has been offered for news of him, and it will stand.

—A writer in Our Dumb Animals says that whenever a horse driven by him has balked, he has got out of his carriage, gone to the horse's forefoot, lifted it from the ground, and struck the shoe a few blows with a stone He has never failed to start a balky horse in this very simple way.

THE Methodists from abroad, who are attending the Ecumencial Conference at Washington, have become much impressed with the facts of the Republic. President Harrison's vigor of thought and simplicity of manner, especially seems to have touched them One of the Welsh delegates indeed was so moved as to eulogize the President as follows "If you rolled up all the kings and queens we ever had since the days of the Conqueror down to the Prince of Wales you will not make so fine a man as President Harrison, nor could you get out of the composite such an able and courageous speech as that we heard this morning, and I venture to say that more Methodists have in one day seen and been welcomed by the President of the United States than in fifty years have been recognized and introduced to members of the royal family"

—There is no Magazine published that is better calculated to please and help the ladies than Peterson Its contents are of the kind that furnish at the same time entertainment and instruction. Its fiction is from the pens of some of the best writers of the day, and is always good In the way of illustrations, fashions, needlework designs and novelties it heads the list of ladies monthlies, while its information on domestic matters renders it invaluable to housekeepers. Its low price places it within the reach of all. A year's subscription at this time will secure the numbers from now until the end of 1892 Address, Peterson's Magazine, Philadelphia.

REQUIRES BRAINS.

AND FOR THAT REASON A GREAT MANY PEOPLE CANNOT BE PRINTERS.

He is only a printer. Such was the sneering remark of a leader in a circle of aristocracy—the codfish quality Who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What was Prince Edward William and the Prince Napoleon? Proud to call themselves printers The present Czar of Russia, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Duke of Battenburg are printers, and the Emperior of China works in the private printing office almost every day William Caxton, the father of English literature, was a practical printer What were G. P Morris, N. P Willis, James Gales, Chas Richardson, James Parker, Horace Greeley, Charles Dickens, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron and Schuyler Colfax? Printers all, and practical ones Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Opie Reid are plain practical printers, as were Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby, and Sut Lovingood Senator Plumb of Kansas, James S. Hogg of Texas, are both printers, and the leader of science and philosophy in his day made it his boast that he was a jour printer In fact, thousands of the most brilliant minds in this country are to be found toiling in the publishing houses of the large cities and towns It is not everyone that can be a printer—brains are absolutely necessary.

PHILADELPHIA AMUSEMENTS

The managers promise an interesting list of performances at the Philadelphia Theatres next week

"Wang" will be produced at the Chestnut Street Opera House by the DeWolf Hopper Opera Company

The New York Casino Company appears in the "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Indigo" at the Broad Street Theatre

Frederick Warde will open in "The Lion's Mouth," at the Grand Opera House.

Jefferson, Klar and Erlanger's "Country Circus" is due at the Walnut

Cora Tanner appears at the Arch in "Will She Divorce Him?"

Louis Aldrich will revive "My Partner," at the Park.

"Alabama" remains at the Chestnut.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be revived at Forepaugh's.

The Rentz-Santley Burlesque Company will be the attraction at the Empire.

"As in a Looking Glass" is underlined for the Girard Avenue Theatre

"Master and Man" will be done at the People's.

William Muldoon's Tournament comes to the Central.

Lester and Allen, in "Me and Jack" will be at the Lyceum.

Vaudeville will still attract full houses to the Bijou

"The Limited Mail" will be the play at the National.

Opera and variety, as usual, at the Casino.

Minstrelsy and burlesque as a matter of course at Carncross'.

Arizona Joe comes to the Standard.

The City Club Burlesque Company goes from the Lyceum to the Kensington.

Kellar continues his wonders at Egyptian Hall.

—Ayer's Pills, being convenient, efficacious, and safe, are the best cathartic, whether on land or sea, in city or country For constipation, sick headache, indigestion, and torpid liver, they never fail Try a box of them, they are sugar coated

☞The new Fall flower, Cosmos, has jumped into immediate popularity It is a great favorite among the Bristol ladies. DeWitt Bros. are the only florists in Bucks county that raise them

☞Will receive to day some very fine California Tokay grapes, and some of the finest Concords we have had this season in large and small baskets and nice pears and peaches, at Jackson's. Opposite P O, Bristol, Pa

☞Messrs DeWitt Brothers have grown some mammoth pumpkins which are now on exhibition at their establishment, four of them run from five to eight feet in circumference each

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

I AM AN OLD MAN

Shall be 79 years of age next June, and for the last six years have suffered from general debility and old age. At times I could not get out of bed without help I commenced to take Sulphur Bitters In a week I felt stronger and got a mighty fine appetite I still continued their use, and to day I walked over three miles without feeling tired, something I haven't done in five years before Sulphur Bitters is a right smart medicine —George Brown, Keokuk, Iowa.

Pleasant Employment at Good Pay

The publishers of "Seed-Time and Harvest," an old established monthly, determined to greatly increase their subscription lists, will employ a number of active agents for the ensuing six months at $50 00 per month or more if their services warrant it To insure active work an additional cash prize of $100 00 will be awarded the agent who obtains the largest number of subscribers "The early bird gets the worm." Send four silver dimes or twenty 2 cent stamps with your application, stating your age and territory desired, naming some prominent business man as reference as to your capabilities, and we will give you a trial The 40 cents pays your own subscription and you will receive full particulars

Address SEED TIME AND HARVEST, Sep 3-4 m La Plume Pa

Choice Bulbs.

Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Freezia, Chinese Sacred Lilies, Easter Lilies, etc Prices low HARRY CHAMBERS, Florist, 23 Market St, Bristol, Pa

Cut Flowers.

Roses Carnations Heliotrope, Smilax, etc Always fresh Bulbs for forcing or out-door culture Funeral Designs Prices always low HARRY CHAMBERS, Florist, 23 Market St, Bristol

How to Reach and Visit Washington, D C.

Undoubtedly the most comfortable manner of traveling to the National Capital is by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally conducted tours, for the incidental worry of planning such a trip is assumed by the railroad company, and all the tourist has to do is to enjoy the entertainment prepared for him

The National Capital will be alive with work when the next tour of the series, October 29th, arrives there These tours are certainly the most attractive and desirable mediums for traveling $10 is the round trip rate from Philadelphia, which includes, in addition to railroad fare by special express train in both directions, accommodations and board at Washington's principal hotels The dates of the later tours of this series are November 12 h, 26 h, and December 10th, and they are all in charge of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon

The special train leaves 2 00 P M and returns from Washington the following Saturday afternoon

A GREAT COUNTRY, AND HOW TO REACH IT

Owing to the great amount of interest shown in the northwestern states, and especially in Montana and Washington, the Northern Pacific Railroad has prepared two folders, entitled 'Golden Montana' and "Fruitful Washington,' which contain a great many interesting and valuable details in reference to climate, topography, agriculture, stock raising, mining, lumbering, government and railroad lands, homesteads and other subjects of interest to the capitalist, business man or settler These folders can now be obtained on application to the General Passenger Agent of the road

It should be borne in mind by travelers to the Northwest that, among other things the Northern Pacific Railroad offers the following advantages It is the direct line to principal points in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho Oregon and Washington, It has two trains daily to Helena and Butte, Mont Spokane, Tacoma and Seattle, Wash, and Portland, Ore, It has complete equipment of Pullman first class sleeping cars, dining cars, day coaches Pullman tourist and free colonist sleepers, the cars being new comfortable and neat, It has through sleeping car service every day from Chicago, Ill, to Montana and Pacific Coast points, of Pullman first-class and tourist sleeping cars in connection with the Wisconsin Central Line, and vestibuled first class sleepers via C M & St P Ry, It passes through the grandest scenery of seven states and the great young cities of the northwest, The service is complete in every respect, the 'Yellowstone Park and Dining Car Route' being, in fact, a thoroughly first class line to travel over.

District Passenger Agents of the Company will supply publications referred to above, with maps, time tables, rates or other special information, or communications addressed to Chas S Fee, G P & T A, St. Paul, Minn, will receive prompt attention.

—The success of Old Saul's Catarrh Cure induces imitations and there are many of them Insist on getting Old Saul's and take no other or you'll get left. At all dealers for 25 cents.

If you want your baby to look bright do not put it to sleep with laudanum when restless, but use Dr Bull's Baby Syrup 25 cents a bottle

*A salary with expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position If you want a position see advertisement headed, 'A Chance to Make Money"

Common Soap
Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.
IVORY SOAP
DOES NOT.

A Complete Establishment

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade They can dress a man from head to foot in the best style and for a small amount of cash Their Clothing, Hats Caps, Underwear Hosiery Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes They have suits from $5 to $20 honest goods and well made Hats, from 30 cts to $3 00 Underwear from $1 00 to $4 00 per suit and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial at various prices For reliable goods bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers They keep no auction trash upon their premises

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded Price 25 cents per box For sale by Jno K Young

☞If current rumors are true Humphrey's Good Samaritan is the best Liniment in the world for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises Ask Franklin Moss, the blacksmith, what he knows about it

I HAD FAITH.

About six months ago I was advised to consult Mrs Hall the Spiritualist doctor, to see if she could cure me of Scrofula, from which I have suffered from childhood She said if I would have faith in the medicine she gave me, she could cure me I took her medicine, and in less than three months I was cured, Why, the way the medicine worked was a miracle I begged of her to tell me what the medicine was made of, but she said she could not do so Finally she told me the medicine was Sulphur Bitters and that she had never known it to fail in all such cases as mine —Mrs Clara Knowlton 35 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass

Guaranteed Cure

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr King's New Discovery could be relied on It never disappoints Trial bottles free at Jno K Young's Drug Store Large size 50c and $1 00

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm Timmons Postmaster of Idaville, Ind, writes "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble" John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place says "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man" J W Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies, he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c a bottle, at John K Young's Drug Store

New Advertisements.

Wanted.

AN ACTIVE BUSINESS MAN

TO take half interest in a Soap Manufactory, at Bristol to do the selling and keep the books Trade established and house doing good business now Good chance for an energetic business man For further particulars call upon or address

JEREMIAH H. KELLY
No 1 Pine street, Bristol Penn'a

An Ordinance

TO CHANGE THE WIDTH OF THE SIDEWALKS ON BRIDGE STREET, BETWEEN SMITH STREET AND THE CANAL, AND REQUIRE THE CURBING AND GUTTERING OF SAME

The Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville, Pa, do ordain

SEC 1 That after the passage of this ordinance the width of the sidewalks on Bridge St from Smith street to the canal shall be one-sixth (1/6) the width of the street

SEC 2 The sidewalks on said street shall be curbed with stone not less than four (4) inches thick and sixteen (16) inches deep, and the gutters shall be six (6) inches deep from top of curb and shall be paved not less than thirty (30) inches in width with brick placed edgewise, or with a flat gutter stone not less than twelve (12) inches in width next to curb and the remainder with cobblestones not less than four (4) inches in diameter All curbing and paving shall be done under the direction and to the entire satisfaction of the Street Committee

SEC 3 All owners of property on both sides of said street are hereby required to curb the sidewalks and pave the gutters in front of and along their premises in accordance with the foregoing sections of this ordinance, on or before November 1st, 1891

SEC 4 If any owner or owners of property on either side of said street shall neglect or refuse to comply with the provisions of this ordinance it shall be the duty of the Street Committee to proceed to have the said sidewalks curbed and the gutters paved in front of and along the premises of the property owner or owners so neglecting or refusing according to the provisions of this ordinance, and the said Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville, will proceed to collect the cost thereof, with twenty per cent advance thereon in accordance with the provisions of the Act of Assembly in such cases made and provided

SECTION 5 Any portion of any ordinance in any way or manner conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance is hereby repealed

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber in the Borough of Morrisville Pa, this 13th day of Oct in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and ninety one

JOHN KNOWLES, President of Council
Attest —ISAAC PARSONS SR, Sec

Approved this thirteenth day of October, A D 1891
JOHN KNOWLES, Burgess of Morrisville Borough

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE SWEENEY deceased, late Bristol Borough, Bucks County

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

A WEIR GILKESON, Executor

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN LAVERTY, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County deceased

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

WM H SMITH, Executor
A Weir Gilkeson, Atty

FOR SALE.

COLES' BOX OR WARDROBE LOUNGE is a perfect lounge by day and a perfect bed by night, and you can put away as much clothing or other articles as in the average wardrobe You get three articles for the price of one No extra charge for packing or shipping

Mrs Dr Talmage, wife of the celebrated preacher, says these lounges are very, very nice

Price in Cretonn, $10, $12
Ramie, $12, $14
Raw Silk $20 $25
Silk Brocatelle, $25, $30

Terms—10 per cent discount cash with order or one-half with order, balance 60 days

ALFRED COLES,
Grand and Myrtle Aves, Brooklyn

Don't Pay Such Extravagant Prices for Carriages and Harness,

WANTED, 50,000,000 PEOPLE!

To send for the largest Carriage and Harness Charts ever Published Established 1862 I carry in stock everything I advertise and more too, over 100 distinct styles of each, Carriages and Harness The most complete line of the latest designs in Novelties for Summer driving, including all styles of Canopy and No Top Buckboards for 2, 4, 6 and 8 passengers, Kron Pile Traps, Spindle Buggies, Spindle and Saratoga Surries, Sporting, Game and Driving Wagons all Russett Finished Buggies Mineola and Cradle Spring Carts, Cutunders, Ladies' Loop and Park Phaetons, etc, Russet and Red Harness, White Canvas and English Rush Collars, and everything from the smallest Goat and Pony to the heaviest Express and finest Road, Track and Coach Harness, Saddles and Complete Equestrian Outfits, Lap Robes, Dusters, Coolers, Sheets, Whips and everything pertaining to the Road, Track and Stable, making positively the largest assortment in America, and all at very Moderate Prices

Call and examine, or send for Catalogue and Price List, as it will save you money

JAMES H. BIRCH,
Manufacturer of Light Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,
BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S A

Miscellaneous

WANTED—ALL PERSONS WHO COOK and bake to send for the Best Cooking Stove in the World Price $12 $15 and $20 Terms 10 per cent discount cash with order, or one half with order, balance in 60 days

ALFRED COLES
520 Myrtle ave Brooklyn N Y

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JNO SWEENEY late of Bristol Borough deceased

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

A WEIR GILKESON, Administrator

For Sale

THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE HENRY Sheetz on Wood street. Apply to

J H A
Box 322, Bristol Pa

University -:- Extension LECTURES.

(BRISTOL CENTRE)

AT

Presbyterian Church,

ON

Friday Evenings, Oct 23rd, Nov 6th to Nov. 27th.

At 7 30 o clock

The opening course will consist of Six Lectures by

FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE, Ph D,

ON

Epochs in American History and Government from 1620 to 1890.

Course Tickets, $1 00
Single Admission, 25c.

Course tickets can be had at Dr. H Pursell's Drug Store and at the "Gazette" office, or from Wm. V. Leech, Secretary of the Centre.

BOARD

FOR SEVERAL GENTLEMEN IN A PRIVATE family Home comforts References exchanged Inquire at 84 Dorrance St

SOLDIERS' REUNION

On the Ev'ing of a Date to be Named

A Reunion will be held at

GRAND ARMY HALL,
BRISTOL, PA.,

Of the Survivors of

Co I, 17th Pennsylvania Militia, Reynold's Division, 1862,
Co. G, 43d Pa Volunteer Militia, Dana's Division,
Couch's Corps, 1863,
Co. I, Third Regiment,
Pennsylvania Reserves,
Army of the Potomac.

MR BURNET LANDRETH, Captain 17th and 43d, requests the survivors of these three Companies, raised in Bristol, to forward their addresses, that invitations may be properly extended

Address,

CHAS. E. SCOTT, Sergeant.
BRISTOL, PA.

IF YOU ARE A BAPTIST,

And want to know what is going on in the world of Baptists and are not already taking it

YOU NEED

The Examiner,

THE LEADING BAPTIST PAPER

It will tell you weekly what is going on in the denomination—East, West North and South—for it is the National Baptist paper, taking cognizance to the uttermost borders of our denominational interests But it is more than a mere denominational recorder it is

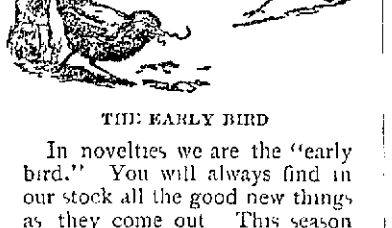
A Family Newspaper,

Giving the secular News of the Week, with pungent Editorial and Paragraph comments thereon, besides all the Baptist News and Notes with Outlooks on other Denominations and Religious Bodies its Story Page is filled with Serial and Short Stories and a Puzzlers Realm, it supplies Review Articles, Book Notices Literary Scientific and Art Chat, Sermons, Sunday School Lessons and Educational Information, has a House Farm and Garden department, Market Reports a regular Washington Letter—in short takes into a subscribing family every week something suited to the intellectual wants of every member, from the world knowing grandsire to the awakening intelligence of the toddler at his knee

Three Months for Thirty Cents.

Send thirty cents and try it for the months of October November and December, then if you are pleased, we will be glad to have you become a yearly subscriber at our regular price of $2

Address The Examiner, Box 3661, New York



THE EARLY BIRD

In novelties we are the "early bird." You will always find in our stock all the good new things as they come out This season Gray Twills, Scotches and Home-spun effects are the favorites.

We are the acknowledged Leaders in the Ready-made Clothing business, both as to style and quality Good goods our motto.

A. C. YATES & CO.,
NOW ONLY
Cor. 13th and Chestnut Streets,
PHILADELPHIA

Best Made Clothing in Philadelphia.

WANTED

THREE OR FOUR BOARDERS FOR THE Winter, at reasonable rates in a plain, quiet home For further particulars address

MISS A ABBOTT,
Box 212 Bristol Postoffice,
Or, call at first house north of Hollow Creek bridge

We will PAY $900 Salary and Commission to Men and Women, Teachers and Clergymen to sell our NEW, POPULAR STANDARD WORK,

MARVELS OF THE NEW WEST.

No finer book published Over 350 choice engravings 15,400 copies sold in one week Endorsed by the greatest men of the country This is no humbug offer.

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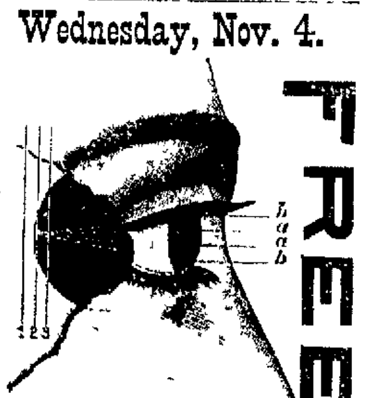
THE HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO,
Norwich, Conn,

Miscellaneous

Wednesday, Nov. 4.



CAN YOU READ THIS?

No charge is made to determine if your eye sight may be improved or headache relieved, by wearing properly adjusted glasses I guarantee every pair of glasses ordered to be satisfactory and expect to win your approval by the skillful and accurate manner in which we give you improved and comfortable vision

HOUSEWORTH, OF PHILA.,
Specialist on the Eye,

will be at the store from 9 a m to 5 p m, on

November 4, 1891,

B. C. FOSTER, Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Corner Mill and Wood Sts

☞Particular attention given to Repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry All work done at home by practical workmen, and warranted to give satisfaction

HAS COME TO STAY

Eber Strembeck
HAS OPENED A
FISH MARKET,
AT NO. 14 MILL STREET,

Opposite W P Wright's Hardware Store, where he will have on hand at all times a supply of

FISH AND CLAMS,

Which he will sell at Lowest Cash Prices He has Blue Fish Spanish Mackerel, Fresh Cod, Sea Bass, Flounder, Haddock, Sea Trout, Porgies other fresh and salt water fish in season Crabs and Lobsters, and other shell fish furnished to order at short notice Call on him

Friends' School House,

BRISTOL, PA

The School will re-open TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1891.

Primary, Middle & Advanced Classes.

For Circulars address,

ANNA W. CARLEN.

SHERMAN & PEIRCE

wish to inform the Public that notwithstanding the fire they are prepared to furnish Lumber, Shingles, etc, as usual, and at as early a date as possible, will rebuild and resume business in all departments.

Orphan's Court Sale Real Estate.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF THE Orphan's Court of the County of Bucks, will be sold on the premises on

Saturday, October 24th, 1891,
At 2 o clock, P M

The following described real estate of the estate of Mary W Holt late of the Borough of Bristol deceased, to wit A messuage and lot of land situate on the westerly side of Bath street, the third door south of Millstreet, in the Borough of Bristol, Bucks County, Pa, containing about fifteen feet in front on Bath street and running through to Swain street

The improvements consist of a two and a-half story frame dwelling house, containing seven rooms The property is well located and in an excellent neighborhood

Terms of sale— One hundred dollars at the close of the sale and the balance in cash on the 7th day of December, 1891

SARAH F HAYES Administratrix
of Mary W Holt, deceased,

G. W. Adams, D. D. S.

No 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa

Nitrous Oxide administered Fresh Gas for every patient Ether and Chloroform always on hand No pain in extracting teeth. Filling, scaling, regulating and dental prosthesis in its most improved manner.

Work warranted to give satisfaction.

An Ordinance

TO PROVIDE FOR THE SYSTEMATIC NUMBERING OF THE BUILDINGS NOW ERECTED AND HEREAFTER TO BE ERECTED, FRONTING UPON THE STREETS OF THE SAID BOROUGH OF BRISTOL

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain

SECTION 1 That from and after the passage of this ordinance all buildings now erected or hereafter to be erected fronting upon the streets of the Borough of Bristol, shall be numbered in accordance with the general system shown by plan No 14 of the surveys of Bristol Borough, which is hereby approved and adopted

SEC 2 For the purpose of carrying this Ordinance into effect the Borough Surveyor is hereby authorized and required to designate a number for each building now erected as aforesaid, and to provide for the designation of the proper number for buildings to be hereafter erected, and to prepare, provide for and preserve such records as may be necessary at the present time, and from time to time such as may become necessary by the extension of the system over parts of the Borough now unbuilt upon, and in all questions of detail arising either now or hereafter the decision of the Borough Surveyor shall be final

SEC 3. The Borough Surveyor is hereby authorized and directed to publish as soon as practicable a table chart or explanation of the system for the information of the citizens. Provided, that such publication shall be made in such manner as may be approved by the Committee on Streets and Highways

SEC 4 In all building permits hereafter issued, the number of the building for which the permit is issued, shall be stated

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 14th day of Sept, A D, 1891

FRANCIS FENIMORE, Burgess
Attest—J Wesley Wright, Clerk.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARGARET MARTIN, late of Bristol Borough, deceased

ALL persons indebted to said estate will make payment, and those having legal claims or demands against the same, will present them for settlement without delay, to

ANNIE M MORRIS, Administratrix
A WEIR GILKESON, Att'y

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY W HOLT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

SARAH E. HAYES,
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attys Executrix.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

LIFE, DEATH AND ETERNITY.

And what is Life? I pray you tell;
A sluggard's paradise,
Where fools and idlers flourish well
And troubled winds ne'er rise?
Ah, no, my child! A battlefield
Where each must take a side;
And 'midst the strife a sabor wield
And to the vanguard ride.

Then what is death? I beg you tell;
A pall, a shroud, a bier,
A saddened dirge, a funeral knell
And friends who watch and fear?
Ah, no, my child! 'Tis but a night
Of quiet, peaceful sleep:
When morning brings the golden light
Sad watchers cease to keep.

Eternity! Say, what is it?
A cold and darkened tomb,
Where hope is vain and hopers sit
And wait long years their doom?
Ah, no, my child! One common breath
Will waft you to its shore—
There sickness, sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

—Will S. Munroe.

A COWARD AND A HERO.

It was the 16th of December, before Son-Tay. For two days we had splashed in the mire of the rice fields, the water up to our knees. I knew we would get used to it, but it was worrying all the same. Nevertheless, we marched steadily on, as regular and attentive as if we were on drill.

I tell you this is true; I am an old trump, I have been nine years in the service and six with the rank of sergeant, and the number of young soldiers I have trained and commanded "right about face" is incalculable, but never have I seen men march like those, shoulder to shoulder, as exact as if drawn by a line; and, that, I tell you, in two feet of mud. Sapristi! but it was superb. I was jubilant, and yet a little vexed, to see how well the scamps could keep step when they chose. Ah, well; I had nothing to complain of that day.

Halt! Well, not a bit too soon, I thought, and yet a droll place to halt in. No matter. I filled my pipe, and looked around to see where we were. Rice fields to the right, to the left, and behind us a thick slush made by our trampling feet.

A little corporal who has a tongue well hung, indeed, too well hung, called out to me: "Sergt. Bertrand, Sergt. Bertrand, no need to light your pipe. Wait a while, they will light it for you."

The jackanapes! As if I didn't know we would soon be under the fire of the enemy.

Suddenly I heard them calling the roll of my company, and saw my brave fellows break ranks and trot like rabbits across the rice fields to meet the baggage master, who was returning with a great package under his arm.

Letters! Now I ask you, was this a good time to distribute letters? There they were running like so many madmen. I was the only one to remain tranquil. It is true, I have no one to write to me, no family—no friends, nobody—all alone in the world, like an old bear. Heaven help me! At length I see my men return to their places, holding up their hands to keep the letters from being soiled by the water, as carefully as if they were guarding the last words and testimony of their dying mother.

Ah! Jacque has a letter. "News from home, Jacque?"

Jacque is sergeant of my company. I am chief of the first section, he of the second. A handsome young fellow with a bright boyish face, a beardless chin, and cheeks as smooth as a girl's. Nevertheless I had a little grudge against him. It is always vexing to see these brats of twenty-two promoted alongside of an old trooper like me, but for all that he is a nice boy, and the men would go through fire and water for him. He is well connected, of good family, and often receives letters with the seal of the War Department, but that is his busines, not mine.

I watched him out of the corner of my eye as he ran through his letter. Then I saw him wipe away a tear, a little tear, which glistened on the end of his eyelash.

I pretended not to see it, even joked a little, to make him laugh.

"What has she written to you, Jacque? What says my lady fair?"

He turned without a smile, and gravely said: "I have no lady fair, Bertrand. It is from my mother."

"Ah!" I felt as if I had made a fool of myself, and said no more, but Jacque continued:

"Do you see these letters, Bertrand? It would be better not to receive them in times like this."

That was my opinion, as I have already said. It was not good to allow them to break ranks, the scamps; they ask nothing better. But through politeness to Jacque I said: "It is always pleasant to receive good news from home, no matter where. I hope you had nothing disagreeable."

Jacque shook his head.

"Oh, no; to the contrary." And that was all. Really Master Jacque was not talkative this morning. His eyes were fixed on the horizon far away, where there was nothing to be seen but a bit of blue sky. I wondered what he could see over there.

II.

At last—"Forward, march!" I repeat, "Forward, march!" for my section. Jacque, no doubt, was still dreaming and did not hear the word of command, for I heard the Lieutenant behind me say:

"Ah, well, Sergt. Jacque, lagging behind —already?"

I hoped to hear a reply of some kind, no matter what. When an officer so far forgets himself as to speak in that way to a subordinate, I like to see a little indignation. *Parbleu!* you dare not speak out loud; that is against the rules, but a muttered word under your breath is a solace to your self-respect.

But Jacque said not a word; he simply repeated, "Forward, march," in a dragging tone, as if he were weary. That is to say, it was not the tone a French sergeant uses when he commands, "Forward, march!" They never mumble those two words, but shout them out with enthusiasm. What is the matter with Sergt. Jacque this morning? He is not like himself.

Ah, that was a rough day, I tell you. When night came, we were still in the water, but up to our waists this time. And all around us little field-pieces were spitting fire, like so many demons. But we marched steadily on, until we were within 500 metres of the walls of the citadel. Not a gun shot, not a movement; the rascals were saving their powder until we were nearer. I said to myself, "Wait, old fellow, you will have something to warm you up by and by; don't be discouraged."

When, behold, we are again commanded to halt. The Captain steps in front of the ranks, and demands in a low voice—all the same it was distinctly heard—"A sub-officer willing to undertake a secret and dangerous mission!"

Naturally I stepped forward. Now I have the misfortune to be a little too well appreciated by my Captain, an old tough-skin like myself, who had been my Lieutenant in Africa.

"Not you, Bertrand. I know you well, and when I want you I will find you. Be kind enough to remain quiet." You see, some officers will not grant you the least favor. Then I said to myself, "This is just the thing for Jacque." The Captain seemed to be of the same opinion, for he stopped exactly in front of him and repeated under his nose, "A sub-officer willing to undertake a dangerous mission." It was plainly to be seen he was making advances to Jacque, and you will think I am mocking you when I tell you my fine fellow lowered his eyes under the gaze of his captain and said not a word. You may be sure the captain was angry, for you know it is not pleasant to make advances to any one and have them thrown back in your teeth. I heard him sneer under his mustache, "Well' he means to take good care of his skin."

Ah, it was rough. Jacque turned as red as a beet but said not a word; only when the Captain had passed he raised his eyes and fixed them on that bit of blue sky far away on the horizon where I could see nothing, nothing at all. Then I said to myself. "Well, my fine fellow, you are decidedly a coward."

To be brief, Berthelot of the third division was chosen for this expedition; he returned without a scratch, the jackanapes, when my poor Jacque——

III.

Well, we set off again; there was no lagging behind this time. About two hundred and fifty metres from the walls the scoundrels gave us a broadside full in the face. Sapristi! how it rained. The balls fell to the right, to the left, in the rice fields, making a "flic floc" as they struck the water. We answered back, but it was like firing in the air, the rascals were so well protected by the walls. This fusillade lasted only about ten minutes, but I shall remember it a long time.

However, it could not continue in this way. The bugle sounded the charge. Sapristi! that music always sends a shiver of gayety through me. Behold us running with fixed bayonets, like madmen. But, as I had already noticed, the gateway of the citadel opened upon a high embankment, scarcely three metres wide; to enter there we must climb that narrow ascent, and push in two by two under a terrible fire, and that, too, through a palisade of bamboo which the rascals had constructed to bar the way, already narrow enough. Ah, it was sufficiently difficult without that cursed bamboo, and God only knows what it cost us. I saw my two lieutenants fall, the adjutant of the battalion, and many others. Impossible to pass that cursed bamboo. My captain raged like a demon. At last he commanded:

"A section up there!"

This time it was serious, very serious; no time to hesitate; all who climbed there were sure of certain death. I think the captain must have retained some spite against Jacque, for he turned to him and said:

"Go up there, sir, and tear away that bamboo."

It is but justice to say he did not wait to be told a second time. Touching his cap, with "All right, my captain," he started in a quick run. In passing me he drew a package of letters from his pocket.

"Take care of this for me, Bertrand," and in the twinkling of an eye was up there with his section.

Ah, the brave boy! It was beautiful to see him, so cool, so calm; not a loud word, not an oath, only quick, determined orders: "Tear away this." "Throw that in the ditch." He was as tranquil as if superintending a squad of soldiers on fatigue duty. And all the time the enemy were pouring upon them a deadly fire, the balls whistling, tearing the bamboo, plowing up the ground, every now and then crushing in a shoulder, carrying away an arm or breaking a leg. My God, what a sight! They were left there, all my comrades—Jacque among the number, but he was the last. Just as the work was finished a ball struck him between the eyes. Just as he raised his arms to shout a great "Hurrah!" he fell dead, face foremost.

IV.

Perhaps it was not very proper, what I did next morning, but truly it was too much for me—that packet of letters that Jacque gave me as he went to his death. I would not keep them. I thought, "a boy who acts like a coward and a few hours after dies like a man. It is not natural; there must be something under this;" and I felt I had the explanation there under my hand in those letters. They burned me. It was impossible to keep them. Ma foi! I could not: then—then, I drew out the packet.

Upon my word there was only one letter, the one he had received that morning. Nothing else. Ah, blood of blood! what a letter! He was right, poor boy. One ought not to receive a letter like that just before a battle.

As for me, I cried like a baby, and was scarcely able to read it for the tears in my eyes. It was from his mother, and here is what the good woman wrote to her boy as she ended her letter:

"Now, my precious Jacque, take care of yourself for my sake. Remember you are all I have in this world, and if any thing should happen to you I would surely go mad. It is true the time passes very wearily when one is waiting, but I try to be patient, to forget the present, and only think of the future when you will return.

"Above all things, my precious boy, be prudent. Do whatever you are commanded to do, like a brave soldier, but do not expose yourself unnecessarily. I forbid you. No, my darling Jacque, I forbid you nothing. I implore you, before entering into any engagement, to think of your mother, who is always thinking of you, and do not risk too much. Promise me this, will you not? And remember, a man is not a coward because he loves his mother."

The letter fell from my hands. I understood all now. He had thought of his mother, the brave boy, and waited until he was directly commanded to go.

And, no doubt, that morning when he was looking far away to that bit of blue sky where there was nothing to be seen, he was thinking of his mother and of that promise he had sworn to keep.

And that is why Sergt. Jacque, who died like a hero with his face to the enemy, was considered a coward twice in one day.

False Teeth Cause a Blockade.

A trifling accident in the Washington street tunnel, Chicago, caused a long and serious blockade. A man sitting on the front seat was seized with a violent fit of sneezing, and sneezed out his artificial teeth, which flew over the dashboard onto the track. Everybody laughed, and all got out and helped hunt for the chewers. Other cars crowded in, but the teeth could not be found. The car moved slowly ahead and the next train of the Milwaukee avenue line pulled up. They were finally found under the Milwaukee avenue car. The eyetooth on the right side had been broken by the fall.—Baltimore Sun.

WORTH MENTIONING.

The biggest diamond is worth $1,000,000.

Gunpowder was first made by a monk at Cologne in 1330.

There are at present 325 electric roads in the United States.

Painting in oil was invented at Bruges by John Van Eyck in 1410.

The frigate Philadelphia was destroyed by Decatur on February 15, 1804.

A squad of policemen in Philadelphia now rush over their beats on bicycles.

The Treasury of the United States is guarded by seventy veteran soldiers, who are divided into three squads.

In Paris it is required that every vehicle traversing its streets at night, if only a wheelbarrow, shall carry a lamp.

Farmers in Oregon have to maintain an incessant struggle against the persistent spread of seedling trees over their cleared land.

BRIEF FUN.

The Vassar girl's favorite ejaculation—by gum.—Boston Post.

Burning kisses necessarily follow a spark.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The big rubber syndicate bursted. It must have been stretched too much.—New Orleans Picayune.

Perhaps it was the sea brine that started the young Emperor's new whiskers.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"That chimney doesn't look strong, Matilda." "No; it's like you, Silas—it smokes too much."—Harper's Bazar.

"The shades of night was falling fast," sang Mr. Mitts as he went to pull down the blind and jerked it off the roller.—Binghamton Republican.

At the Seaside Hotel.—Kitty—I wonder why Clara hurries to her room whenever she gets a letter? Maud—She wishes to give the impression that it's from a man.—Puck.

"And what did you think of the singer, Franklin?"

"Oh! she was perfectly grand. I've heard many a belladonna, but never one like her."—Fleigende Blatter.

"Faith," said Pat, after he and his comrades had been drilled for two hours in the broiling sun, "phin weze kem out weze was raw recroots; but, begobs, it's well done we are now."—Exchange.

FOUND AT HOTELS.

A Chateaubriand steak always comes high, but who shall say that it does not very quickly go down?

Madeira sauce at the hotels is about as palatable and agreeable as the faint pink lemonade sold at the circus.

The only thing Eastern people have against those of the West is that they will persist in eating pie for breakfast.

The flavoring that gets into hotel rice coquettes is usually bad enough to create a quarrel between an engaged couple.

It is said to be a peculiarity of the Chinese that they prefer stale to fresh eggs. They can never poach them, however.

There is no more appropriate dish on the whole gastronomic list for the average society young man than calf's head.

Young, fresh chickens never get into a fricassee except by accident. In traveling about the world it is well to remember this.

Reed birds on toast are never satisfactory except to those fond of toast. The true way to serve the tiny things is stewed in cream.

In Africa, elephant's tongue and liver are deemed great luxuries, and small wars often arise for the possession of a departed Jumbo.

A correspondent wants to know the difference between consomme and "soup a la Reine." At hotels the difference is about 10 cents.

STRANGE CHARACTERS.

Henry Cook, a Norwich, Conn., tailor, has a board seven feet two inches long, though he is only five feet six inches tall.

Reuben Moyer and his seven sisters had a reunion the other day in Allentown, Pa. They tipped the scales at 1,677 pounds.

Two-thirds of the applicants for admission to West Point and Annapolis are rejected because of the cigarette habit and its results.

A shop girl in Boston who has carefully investigated the subject declares that her companions are very fond of reading but that their literary taste is extremely crude and depraved.

There is a boy in St. Clair county, Ill., whose hair curls just three days before a storm. He is called the "Boy Barometer," and is in constant demand by the surrounding population.

An old hunchback who died in Connecticut the other day was found to be an impostor. His apparent deformity was due to the way he had of carrying about liquors in a prohibition town.

George Washington Lincoln Grant Richardson is the name of a Jersey City youth who is addicted to somnambulism. It is not strange that a lad with such a name to carry should be troubled in his sleep.

PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW.

Edison is now at work on an electric motor to replace the ordinary locomotive. It is designed to take up electricity from a central rail and to develop at least 1,000 horse power.

Miss Gladstone, the daughter of the "Grand Old Man," has admirable literary judgment, and her recommendation of a book carries nearly as much weight as does that of her father.

Donald G. Mitchell, "Ik Marvel," is now a venerable man with locks of a patriarch. He leads a quiet and studious life in his country home on the Connecticut hills, devoting his time when out of doors to his beautiful laws and garden.

The President's salary is paid to him in montly installments of $4,166.67. The warrant is brought to the White House by a special messenger from the Treasury Department. When the President is out town the draft is mailed to him.

Gov. Campbell is an interesting talker. The words come easily to his lips and he expresses himself with great force and fluency. It is said of him that he can read a letter and carry on a conversation at the same time without a particle of confusion or embarrassment.

TO DYE FEATHERS.

Proceed as follows for the different colors:

Black—Immerse for two or three days in a bath at first of hot logwood, eight parts, and copperas or acetate of iron, one part.

Blue—In a vat of indigo.

Brown—Use any brown dye suitable for silk or wool.

Crimson—A mordant of alum, followed by a hot bath of Brazil wood, afterward by a weak dye of cudbear.

Pink or rose—With safflower or lemon juice.

Plum—With red dye, followed by an alkaline bath.

Red—A mordant of alum, followed by a bath of Brazil wood.

Yellow—A mordant of alum, followed by a bath of tumeric or weld.

Purple—Use lake and indigo.

Carnation—Vermilion and smalt.

Thin gum or starch water should be used in dyeing.

NEW IDEAS IN JEWELRY.

Of quaint proportions is a silver match box disguised as a huge pea-pod.

The moonstone is said to be the appropriate gem for the August born.

Admired for its simplicity is a queen charm fashioned as a lima bean in gold.

A copy of a base ball in oxidized silver is the form assumed by a new ink-well.

A recognized favorite among bracelets is a gold wire clasped by enamel violets.

Diamond sprays or buckles for catching up the folds of the dress are in demand.

A berry bowl in silver is made effective by trailing vines in relief on its surface.

Diamond-shaped devices in gold centered by pearls make effective hair-pin headings.

Some attractive candlesticks represent fluted columns with leaf work ornamentation.—Jeweler's Review.

SO THEY SAY.

Africa is now completely encircled by submarine cables.

A fish with two tails was caught at Madison, Ga., last week.

The biggest sponges in the world are found at the free lunch counters.

The Canada census shows a total population of 6,000,000 in the Dominion.

A movement is on foot in Texas to raise a monument to General Sam Houston.

When the balloon collapses in mid air the best of friends often fall out together.

A man named Sledge was arrested recently for swindling. He struck hard luck.

Colds and Coughs
croup,
sore throat,
bronchitis, asthma,
and hoarseness
cured by
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
the safest
and most effective
emergency medicine.
It should be in every
family.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co
Lowell, Mass.

LITERARY NOTES.

Jules Verne has a son, Michel, who is developing a talent for writing stories very much in his father's highly imaginative style.

Mrs. Burnett is said to be at work on a new juvenile story of some length, to be brought out by her American publishers some time this winter.

General Lew Wallace is at work on a new story, but as he is an extremely careful and painstaking author, it is not likely to be published for some time.

When James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the Herald, was asked how to make a newspaper he said: "First get the news and then make a dom fuss about it."

George Y. Coffin, the artist of Washington, D. C., promises to be one of the leading cartoonists in the political campaign of 1892. He has what most cartoonists lack—ideas.

A magazine writer says he has no fear of death. So long as he takes the precaution to send his manuscripts by mail instead of submitting them in person his life is safe enough.

John G. Whittier is so honest that his niece, who is preparing a biography of him, has found it very difficult to obtain any aid from him in her work. His strength is gradually failing, and he is forced to give up the long walks which he formerly took.

LABOR BRIEFS.

Molasses is fuel in Louisiana.

Uncle Sam has 46,000 oil wells.

The South has 350 cotton mills.

Butter is made from cocoanuts.

Cleveland has 25,000 Bohemians.

Boyne Falls, Mich., has no doctor.

San Francisco has Chinese coopers.

Vermont leads in maple sugar production.

Boiler makers want eight hours next year.

A single woman runs a Bearmont (Pa.) livery and boarding stable.

Machinists and molders won a six weeks' strike at Sparrows Pond, Md.

Only 5 per cent., or 18,270, of the total immigration to this country during the last fiscal year settled in the South.

A bar of aluminum in its natural state is worth $5. Made into jewelry it is worth $500; made into balance springs for watches it is worth $250,000.

Gun dealers in South Carolina are raising a mighty protest against the $200 license charged by a new State law, and will doubtless contest its validity in the courts.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

It's a great year for apple butter and cider vinegar and peach preserves.

People in Florida are anticipating great results from the production of Sisal hemp.

The farmers of Kansas paid off $403,000 of mortgaged indebtedness during the month of July, despite Peffer and Simpson.—Illinois State Register.

The wealth of the United States amounts to $62,500,000,000, distributed among 13,000,000 families. There are 135,000 families which have an average wealth of $186,000.

Statistics are dry reading as a general thing, but there is no lack of halcyon and vociferous interest in those which relate to this year's magnificent crops.—Globe-Democrat.

With 16,000,000 cows in the country, and an unlimited supply of oleo-alderney, the American consumer ought to find no difficulty in buttering both sides of his bread.—Courier-Journal.

According to the figures of the census, Massachusetts is the richest State in the Union, her valuation per capita being $962. Rhode Island comes next. New York is $620 and Pennsylvania only $493.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To remove grease stains from children's clothing, wash it out, while fresh, with alcohol.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply with a nail brush and scrub thoroughly.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing.

A strong solution of alum, to which has been added a little glycerine and vinegar, is a cure for mosquito bites.

To keep nickel silver ornaments and mounts bright rub them with woolen cloths that have been saturated in spirits of ammonia.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything else that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white, the gums hard and rosy.

A useful and simple ointment for sunburn, nothing has been found better than rose water and glycerine. Three parts of rose water to one of glycerine.—Detroit Free Press.

CONDENSED SMILES.

Better late than never—Husbands.—Life.

Burning kisses necessarily follow a spark.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Wheat cakes" may be looked upon as luxuries now.—Chicago Tribune.

Money which is "coming to you" does not always arrive.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Every one's sweetheart sometimes gets up in arms against him.—Galveston News.

Man needs someone to sympathize with him even in his meanness.—Galveston News.

Sometimes there is a good deal of pride in telling how big a sinner you used to be.—Ram's Horn.

The young man, like the mosquito, is often mashed on a pretty face.—Baltimore American.

IN THE HUNTING SEASON.

He fired his gun, fell o'er a cliff, got up and muttered, "Bah! that darned old gun can kick almost as hard as Ethel's pa."

The huntsman now does wander forth to see what he may find, and from the tales he tells I fear he wanders in his mind.

Soon will the huntsman lug about full twenty pounds of gun, and wade through miles and miles of swamp and call the labor fun.

The huntsman fired, the bird flew off, with dainty plumage fluffed, and said, "Although I'm hungry, I'm not anxious to be stuffed."

Now many a whining country boy who claims to be too weak for work will take the rusty musket down and lug it round and never shirk.—New York Herald.

POLITICIANS.

It is not good "cornfield sense" to pluck a Presidential boom before it is quite ripe.

Hon. Henry Ballard is mentioned among the candites for United States Senator from Vermont.

Senator Voorhees attributes his continued ill health to the prolonged night sessions of the Senate last winter.

Justice Fuller knew just what he was talking about when he said, "Anybody can be mentioned for the Presidency."

George W. Delamater, Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania last year, has arranged to remove to Seattle.

Gov. Hill is to stop at Richmond, Va., and speak on his way South to Atlanta to dedicate the Grady monument in October.

The Indianapolis Journal remarks that the rumor that Jerry Simpson is to receive the Order of the Garter seems to be a mere canard.

Senator Harris of Tennessee is said to be the oldest living Congressman. He was first elected in 1849, at the age of thirty-one years.

When the lightning strikes a political convention the members have no time to bolt.—New Orleans Picayune.

Miscellaneous

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." Carlos Martyn, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." Edwin F. Pardee, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York.

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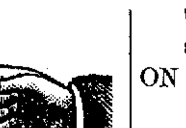

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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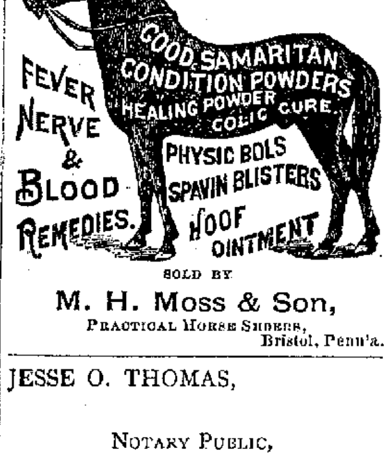

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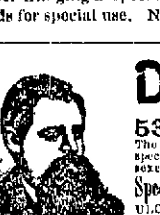

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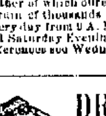

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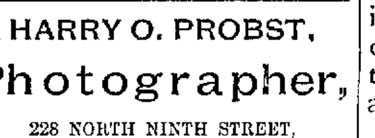

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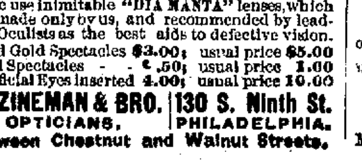

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